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VICKY: De Gaulle & K.
Labour's Mission
Report from Geneva
Muggeridge Diary
Olympic Swindle
Leavis Reassessed
C. P. SNOW on Einstein

Comments on the Week's News .. 434
Silencing the Watchdogs 438
Geneva's Hurrying Snails. Hugh Thomas 438
London Diary. Malcolm Muggeridge 439
Mid-Century Mission. W. John Morgan 439
This England 440
Olympic Swindle. James Fairbairn 442
The Challenge of the Poll. Claud Cockburn 444

ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

Young Contemporaries. Keith Sutton 444
Three Lanterns of Architecture. Tom Driberg 446
Dancers at School. Annabel Farjeon 446
The Thriller-Plus. William Whitebait 448
Show Business. A. Alvarez 448
Chelsea Brass. David Drew 449

CORRESPONDENCE

James E. Holton, W. Auld, Ernest Davies, Rt Hon F. J. Bellenger MP, Margaret Clarke, R. M. Strecker, E. C. S. Adkins, Philip Toynbee, Ian Nairn, Hugh Plommer 450

Books in General:
The Moral Grandeur of Einstein. C. P. Snow 453
Reassessment:
Leavis's Truth. William Walsh .. 454
Memento Mori. Thomas Blackburn 456

REVIEWS

GIs in Korea. W. John Morgan .. 456
A Misanthrope. V. S. Pritchett .. 457
Art and Allegory. A. Alvarez .. 458
Friends Together. Jeremy Brooks .. 460
Vive Massu! Paul Johnson .. 460
New Novels. V. S. Naipaul 461
Churchmen Militant. Barbara Castle 462

Week-end Competitions 463
City Lights. Taurus 464

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Hitting Back at Verwoerd

'THE riots can in no way be described as reactions against the government's *apartheid* policy. The disturbances are a periodic phenomenon and have got nothing to do with poverty and low wages'. In these words Dr Verwoerd attempted to place the mass murder of unarmed Africans by white soldiers equipped with machine guns 'in perspective'. His view of the situation, indeed, is brutally simple. In a country in which three million whites rule ten million helots, mass riots – and mass repression – must be regarded as part of the normal pattern of life. Dr Verwoerd fully admits that the Africans do not like the present system, and that from time to time they will rise against it. His government's function is merely to ensure that such risings are put down firmly and promptly. Indeed Dr Verwoerd, having accepted the logic of racialism, has taken realistic precautions. The entire structure of the South African police, and even the army, has been reorganised for the specific purpose of dealing with large-scale riots. The appropriate weapons – from Saracen armoured cars downwards – have been purchased. Even the design of the new African townships, of which Sharpeville is a typical example, has been planned with an eye to security: for each township has a semi-circular space just wide enough to enable a Saracen to deploy its full arc of fire.

How realistic is Verwoerd's position? It can be argued that a colonialist regime, if it has the right weapons, and – more important – the ruthlessness to use them, is perfectly secure; that its weakness is in direct ratio to its willingness to negotiate. By refusing any concessions whatsoever, and by shooting at the least sign of active opposition, there is no doubt that for the present the South African whites can physically control their subject races. The Africans have only one weapon – passive resistance – and even this, thanks to the deplorable weakness of their leadership, is seldom used effectively. If South Africa were indeed an island to itself, there would be no reason why Afrikaaner dominion should not survive for many generations.

But South Africa cannot separate itself from the rest of mankind. It is part of a continent which is now, with devastating speed, discovering its national self-consciousness. On 1 July, when the Belgian Congo gets its independence, the tide of African rule will begin to lap against the entrenched strongholds of white supremacy. Frontiers are fragile things; even if they can stop the movement of men, they cannot prevent the passage of ideas. And ideas now constitute a political reality in Africa against which the Saracens are powerless.

Moreover, the white South Africans cannot eliminate their physical dependence on the outside world. Dr Verwoerd may attempt to dismiss the Sharpeville massacre as a mere 'periodic phenomenon'. But South African businessmen are forced to take a more apprehensive view. They cannot, for purely economic reasons, accept the public murder of Africans as part of the pattern of life. Their present prosperity is bound up with their exports; their future with the supply of overseas capital. Money is colour-blind; it distinguishes only between unrest and tranquillity. And tranquillity is precisely the commodity which Dr Verwoerd's methods of government cannot, by their very nature, supply.

Those in Britain who are anxious to find some concrete means of helping the victims of *apartheid* can contribute to the fund that Christian Action – which is holding a meeting at the Central Hall, Westminster, on Monday – has set up. But they can do more than this. The weapon which the South African racialists fear most is publicity. This is the main reason for the Boycott: it is introducing millions of people, for the first time, to the South African tragedy. We all have the public duty to make the facts about South Africa as widely known as possible. For, as this knowledge spreads through the world, it will be reflected in a way which even Dr Verwoerd cannot ignore: the erosion of confidence in the economic basis of his slave state.

Comments on the Week's News

Decision Time at Geneva

As our Special Correspondent in Geneva, Hugh Thomas, reports on another page, the fundamental gap in the approach to general disarmament between Russia and the West remains as wide as ever; but on the specific issue of the nuclear-test control system it is now almost invisible. There is no doubt that the latest Soviet proposals for a limited ban have placed the US government in a quandary. For months, it has accepted that the agreed control mechanisms for atmospheric, surface and undersea tests, and underground tests above 20 kilotons, are satisfactory; its whole negotiating position was based on the assumption that underground tests below this magnitude are not at present controllable, and that the Russians would never agree to exclude them from the treaty. The Russians have now done precisely this; indeed, their proposals are almost identical with a British plan put privately to Washington last month. The only point with which the Americans can possibly quarrel is the proviso that small underground tests, though excluded from the treaty, should be banned on a voluntary basis while means of detecting them are discovered. This is firmly opposed by the Pentagon and by many US government scientists. They argue that Russia would not observe such a ban. Against this, the State Department maintains that, as things stand, public opinion will not allow the US to carry out tests anyway, and that it is common sense to make the best of a bad job and sign the treaty. With his advisers in bitter disagreement, the onus of decision has been placed firmly on the shoulders of President Eisenhower himself. The temptation to back his diplomats must be strong, for if he agrees to the principle of the Soviet plan within the next few days, it is technically possible for the treaty to be completed, and available for signature, by the time the Summit meets. This, of course, would get off the round of Summit talks to a highly successful start – an additional reason why a powerful lobby in Washington opposes the acceptance of the new Soviet proposals.

The Fake Deterrent (Cont.)

Several further nails were knocked into the coffin of the independent British deterrent last week by no less a person than Sir Frederick Brundrett, who until January was Chief Scientific Adviser to the Defence Ministry and chairman of the Defence Research Policy Committee. As such, Sir Frederick has played, since 1954, a bigger part than anyone else in shaping our strategic weapons policy. Last Wednesday, in an address to the Royal United Service Institution, he launched a frontal assault on the 1960 Defence White Paper. He deplored hints in the Paper that the government were considering alternatives to the Bluestreak fixed rocket. He admitted that, even when hardened, Bluestreak was vulnerable to a direct hit; but on balance, it was not only the best weapons system, but the only one likely to be available during the second half of the 1960s. Britain, he said, could not have a force of Polaris nuclear submarines *before 1970 at the earliest*. As for the third choice, the Skybolt missiles carried by manned aircraft, this was 'much further off', and in any event very vulnerable. Sir Frederick's revelations knock the bottom out of the Watkinson policy, which is based on the very tendentious assumption that the present deterrent – the V-bomber – will get by until the mid-1960s. To replace it, Mr Watkinson, having virtually ruled out Bluestreak, intends to choose between Skybolt and Polaris. But according to Sir Frederick, neither will be available in 1965 or for some years afterwards. Hence, even if the deterrent policy is pursued, there will be a five-year gap in which Britain will possess no force-in-being. This semi-official 'leak' – which confirms the thesis advanced by this journal and by Messrs Crossman and Wigg in the Commons – should finally persuade the Labour Party leadership to change its policy. Indeed, Sir Frederick's address completely demolishes the arguments of Mr Gaitskell who, in the recent debate, based his case for the independent deterrent on the protection this would afford in the event of Britain acting against Russia without US backing. For, as Sir Frederick implied, Ministry of Defence calculations on the relative vulnerability of the rival weapons systems are all based on the assumption that a Soviet pre-emptive strike would have to cover US as well as British sites; in other words, the possibility of independent British action is not even considered.

Crowther's Cool Welcome

The elegance of Sir David Eccles's sentiments in this week's Commons debate welcoming the Crowther report was hardly matched by the solid proposals he had to offer. The government's plan to increase by 8,000 the number of places at teachers' training colleges, while admirable, will do little more than stem the flood. The other firm proposal – that backward employers should be compelled to release young workers to attend technical college – is also commendable, although, as it happens, the Crowther Committee rejected the idea. About the report's principal recommendation, the raising of the school-leaving age to 16 within the decade, the Minister was firm. It seemed to him more important to reduce first the size of classes. This, obviously, is a crucial necessity: there is no point in raising the school-leaving age while primary and secondary education is in its present state. But to say this by no means prevents the government from fixing a date for raising the age. Why not decide on 1968 or 1969 and then decide to find the money to do it? If governments are given targets to aim at – a 'mandatory timetable' in the phrase Sir Geoffrey Crowther used this week in making this criticism – then it becomes slightly more difficult for them to find excuses for not hitting them. From the debate little impression was gained that progressive opinion remains divided – as it does – on whether raising the age to 16 should have priority over establishing county colleges on a large scale. But one or the other should be planned now. Time is not on this country's side.

Hit for Six

The foolishness of the government's European policy has once more been dramatically confirmed. The British called a conference of the Outer Seven at Vienna to coordinate policy against the threat of the six Common Market countries. The Six proposed to bring in a common tariff as early as July, and to cut internal duties by 20, as against the originally proposed ten per cent. This means that British exports will be discriminated against, especially in the German and Benelux markets. To parry this threat the British proposed that the cut should apply to *all* countries. They hoped to mobilise the US for this plan, because it would have improved the chances of American exports, and to force the Six to accept this move at next week's meeting of the OEEC. But the Americans could not now go back on their backing of the *political* union of the Six even for the sake of increased exports. Dr Adenauer had an easy task in persuading the Americans to back the Six. Clearly it is now too late to achieve the replacement of the Common Market by a Free Trade Area. If the government wanted to stop the Six it ought to have appealed to GATT two years ago. In the meantime, our sterling area trade has been undermined. The Outer Seven, especially Switzerland and Austria, must feel increasingly worried at the free-trade policy of the British government. They (and the Portuguese) can hardly offer to open their markets to all-comers. Nor – judging from the rapid worsening of our trade balance – can we. Thus we are left without a policy, without bargaining power, and faced with a determined economic union in Europe. It is to be hoped that the Opposition will take a little time off from their internal struggles to expose this monumental blunder.

The Administration's Poodle

Fears that parliament is becoming the 'administration's poodle', as one Tory member put it, lay behind many of the criticisms of the government's bill approving the loan of £120 millions to the Colville and Richard Thomas and Baldwin steel companies. This latter company is still nationalised so that criticism of their £70 million relates to the general question of the answerability of the state industries to parliament. Colville's £50 million comes in a different category. But over the spending of this also MPs have no say. As well as providing rich fare for the Tory war of independence – the Nabarro tea-party, which might adopt the slogan of no investment without representation – the debate offered opportunities to the Labour party to show up the glaring inconsistencies in the government's attitude towards industry. These they seized. It is absurd, for example, that the public, investing these huge sums in private industry, should not have direct control over their spending. It is equally absurd that loans of this size, the effect of which will be to increase Colville's profit – and when RTB is de-nationalised, theirs – should be at low rates, or even free, of interest. The nation, in effect, is putting money into the pockets of the share-holders. To argue that the necessary expansion of steel output would not take place without loans of this character, is no compliment to the industry. In this case there is not even the excuse that the new strip mills' siting is a concession to ideas of distributing industry about the country. This excuse may apply to the expansion of the motor car industry on Merseyside and in West Wales. Are their loans to be free of interest? How large are they going to be? The government needs to be pursued on these questions.

The Kenya Tight-rope

The most important single event since the London conference on Kenya has been the racialist African National Congress. Ironically accept office in the present Council of Ministers. In London the Africans had virtually agreed to accept three portfolios as an interim step while the new constitution was being prepared. Yet now, after long discussions amongst themselves, they have refused the invitations, insisting that their intention was to accept appointment to the new Council only when the new constitution comes into effect. The reason for their change of heart is simple. The present Council of Ministers is large, and the three Africans would almost be lost within it. The individuals concerned, Messrs Mboya, Ngala and Kiano, understand that to become ciphers in the present Council whilst having to accept collective responsibility for its decisions might well damn them politically. Nevertheless the experience of office would have been valuable to them, and there is a danger that their refusal may offer an excuse for the other races to renounce the London agreement. The sensible way out of the difficulty would surely be to reconstitute the Council now, reducing its numbers, and giving the Africans the kind of influence they are to have when the Macleod constitution comes into operation. The danger of any breakdown has been highlighted by the tragic attacks made by Africans on Asians over the past two weeks. The African elected members have shown welcome statesmanship in condemning this violence publicly. Yet its appearance, together with reports of fresh oath taking and various forms of intimidation, exposes again the narrow tight-rope on which all in Kenya are now precariously balanced. Pressure from the Africans for quick moves forward from the Macleod constitution towards independence are inevitable; denunciations from right-wing settlers like Sir Ferdinand Cavendish-Bentinck were expected; what must be avoided, if the new hope for Kenya is to be sustained, is a recurrence of violence anywhere.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Johannesburg

The Killings

Our Johannesburg Correspondent writes: The group most challenged by the mass killings in South Africa this week is the anti-racialist African National Congress. Ironically Chief Luthuli, its president, was giving evidence in the treason trial on the ANC multi-racial policy at the very moment that Sharpeville Africans, responding to the call by dissident African nationalists, the so-called Pan Africanists, for peaceful defiance of the pass laws, came under the murderous fire of the South African police.

This week's events were not an uprising, though they were a challenge to crude white rule. The Pan-African Congress had called for country-wide action, but only two areas responded, both with immediate backgrounds of ignored local grievances. It was trigger-happy police incompetence, if indeed not policy, which led to violence. The African demonstrations were directed at the pass laws, which all Africans hate with complete justification. The recent worsening of their economic position and the ruthless imposition of Nationalist measures had driven ordinary Africans, many of them in rural areas, to the point of desperation. A relatively minor local goad increasingly suffices to produce spontaneous fury, which, met with official intransigence, turns to blind violence against the symbols of white rule.

It is here that the Pan-Africanists' challenge to the ANC comes. The Congress Alliance leadership, experienced and responsible, is aware of its own organisational shortcomings. Its 1952 defiance campaign was broken. For over three years Congress energies have been concentrated on winning acquittals in the treason trial, working everywhere within the bounds of even Nationalist legality. Thus the ANC current anti-pass campaign is a mild and indirect one. The Pan-Africanists, as this week has shown, are still a minor force. But by bold calls and by bold personal sacrifice its leaders now threaten to challenge the spokesmanship which the ANC at present retains on behalf of the mass of Africans.

As for the Nationalist government, its reaction is clear: force is its only answer. It has now reached the paranoiac stage where it will not tolerate a large crowd of Africans gathering to protest, however peacefully, against a government measure. There is no other explanation of the military operation executed this week at Sharpeville. And with the treason trial drawing to a close, there is now to be a Pan-Africanist sedition trial. If not actually treasonable, African protest is at least seditious.

But the most sinister aspect of this week's mass killings was the presence at Sharpeville of heavily-armed *Skietkommandos*. These are groups of *burgers*, with elected officers and a minimum of military training and discipline: they have recently been given reserve-army status by the Nationalist politicians, who are prominent in their commands. The *Skietkommandos* are mainly based in rural areas, but have lately increased also in the towns. This is the first time that they have supported the police, whose trigger discipline is poor enough in all conscience. Dr Verwoerd, in congratulating the police this week, blandly announced that no order to fire was given at Sharpeville. If once he gives the *Skietkommandos* a free hand, Sharpeville will be a mere beginning.

New York

No Call to Glory

Possibly President Eisenhower will be a shade or two happier when a coloured Georgian and a white Georgian, seated on adjacent stools, have pie and coffee at a Woolworth lunch-counter in Atlanta – and possibly he may not. One could hardly tell from his comments to reporters, but one could tell very easily that whatever he may feel about such matters, he does not feel passionately. In fact, if anybody's soul is marching on in Washington these days, at either end of Pennsylvania Avenue, it is much less likely to be John Brown's than the bland and procrastinating spirit of James Buchanan.

The issue in the large is whether or not the country can much longer afford, or even tolerate, a two-class system of citizenship, and this, in turn, raises questions of inspiration and leadership as well as a tightening of the legal machinery. It was in this sense that the President was asked at a press conference whether he approved the 'Gandhi-like passive resistance demonstrations' now going on in the South and whether he thought that Negroes had a legal right to eat with whites in public restaurants.

The questions were made to order for a President with a feeling for the historic moment, but Mr Eisenhower evidently heard no call to glory. Some of the demonstrations, he said, were 'unquestionably a proper expression of a conviction of the group which is making them; others probably can be otherwise classified.' He sympathised with the aspirations of any group to enjoy equality and deplored violence, but he was not for making any judgment about the lunch-counter demonstrations 'because I am not in a position to – I know about these as they come just briefly to my attention.'

As for the segregation that has at long last produced these demonstrations, the President thought maybe there was a difference between private and public establishments, but in any case he was 'not lawyer enough or wise enough in this area to know when a matter is such as actually to violate the constitutional rights of the Negroes.' And to the suggestion that he might call a White House conference of southern leaders in the hope of working out a peaceful programme of desegregation, he replied that bi-racial conferences should be held in all the towns and cities of the South, 'which would be much better than trying to get up here and direct every single thing from Washington.' The federal government was responsible for 'too much interference in our private affairs' as it was, and he 'would like to diminish rather than increase it.'

Altogether it was not one of those ringing declarations that schoolboys will be ordered to memorise 50 years from now. Neither was it calculated to build a fire under Republican leaders on Capitol Hill, where for weeks an enfeebled civil rights bill has been meandering through the legislative millstream. Two days later, one of the President's partisans in the House of Representatives proposed to emasculate the only important section left in the measure, which had been drawn up by his own Attorney General. This is the section that would create referees to register qualified Negroes and help them to vote in areas where federal courts find that systematic discrimination has been keeping them off the rolls. The amendment would have made the bill applicable to federal offices only and left unaffected those primary elections that are all that really matters in the one-party South. Teaming up with southern Democrats, Republicans voted for the amendment in such strength that it lost by a mere three votes.

Even without this drastic limitation, the bill – assuming it is finally passed – will hardly touch the problem of voting rights in the so-called Black Belt, where Negroes outnumber whites and where threats of violent reprisal do more to deter a coloured citizen from registering than a referee could possibly do to encourage him. With their right to vote left as hollow as that, what chance have Negroes to defeat lesser forms of discrimination except by sit-down and boycotts? They have already had at least one victory to show for these tactics in Norfolk, Virginia, where a lunch-counter that had been closed for two weeks following a demonstration reopened without stools but with service for all – a triumph for what is now being called 'vertical integration'.

ROBERT BENDINER

Westminster

Peace on the Sabbath

A resurgence of strength during 30 violent minutes in the House of Commons this week at least temporarily recreated a political party out of what was fast becoming a shambles. A principle, electrified by emotion, acted like a magnet to all the disintegrating particles, drawing together again the Castles, the Callaghans, the Croslands, the Swinglers, the Jays behind Gaitskell's leadership. This combined assault on the policies which had produced the Sharpeville massacre and on the government's refusal to speak out showed that an opposition was alive again and that, on this issue, the Labour Party was a real force.

It would be over-optimistic, however, to assume that this one swallow has brought the party out of its discontented winter. On the suppression of human rights, race discrimination and police brutality, men and women of liberal minds come naturally together so that political unity springs unbidden. The question is whether, in the atmosphere which this liberal unity has produced, the party can achieve agreement on the principles which distinguish it from the Liberal Party, but which in the past few months have been causing dissension in its own ranks.

The answer to this may partly depend on whether the current spate of week-end speeches is allowed to subside. These speeches have produced much sympathy for the Lord's Day Observance Society. Would not the Sabbath be somewhat holier, it is asked, if certain MPs went fishing or joined the Sunday painters instead of penning fiery little speeches and telephoning them to the Press Association? What possible purpose could Mr Woodrow Wyatt, for example, be serving with what one Labour MP described as his 'juvenile delinquent outburst' last week end? Was it really helpful of Mr Douglas Jay, with his past history still very much in the present, to suggest that the commanding heights of the economy are virtually all in the state's possession and so make the new gloss on Clause Four seem like a repetition of his notorious post-election article? Incidentally, if Crossman is to be removed from the front bench because of persistent opposition to a section of party policy, how can Jay remain?

Even those who believe most fervently in the value of public controversy as a means of arriving at political truth wonder whether Mr Alfred Robens was really wise to revive internal controversies at this particular moment. Just when the party had got out, as best it could, from the unnecessary and discreditable Clause Four row, Robens revives an old idea that constituency party representation on the National Executive should be confined to active workers in the constituencies and Mr Frank Macleavy supports him with a letter to *The Times* – an organ now commonly used for conveying messages to the Labour Party faithful. Robens clearly produces an arguable point; but to produce it at this time is bound to be taken as yet another challenge deliberately thrown down to the Left by the Right.

There is therefore a real longing for a lull in domestic bickering and manoeuvring and a hope that the atmosphere created last Tuesday by the occasion of the South African deaths and the party's reaction to it, may not be dissipated by a further outbreak of unintentional or deliberate fire-raising. The huge subsidies which the government is now proposing for the steel industry and for sections of wholly private 'enterprise' is providing an obvious and up-to-the minute occasion for the re-application of Socialist principles, just as the economic, political and moral facts of life are providing the occasion for a practical reappraisal of defence policy. Where the aridities of personal bickering and constitutional manipulations can produce nothing but decay, these living immediacies can at least produce comradeship—even if they do not produce complete unity. I believe that the parliamentary party as a whole is now anxious to get down to them and is likely to roll rather heavily on any week-end squeakers who in the future try to distract it.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Fleet Street

Oh Grave, Thy Victory?

It was, no doubt of it, a famous victory. But as to who won it or what good came of it not I, Old Kaspar, little Peterkin, or his sister Wilhelmine, nor any of the hawk eyed correspondents who have been reporting back from the shot and shell at Transport House can say. 'On balance the left-wing opponents of Mr Gaitskell came away as winners on points', reported the *Daily Mail*. 'Mr Hugh Gaitskell won a gruelling seven hour tussle with his critics on the party executive by a comfortable lead on points,' flashed the *Daily Express* Special Correspondent at the front, Trevor Evans. 'A compromise which appeared to satisfy Mr Gaitskell but which should satisfy Mr Michael Foot and *Tribune* even more', declared the *Daily Telegraph*. 'Almost the whole Gaitskell', countered the *Guardian*. 'Setback For Gaitskell', roared the *Daily Worker*, 'Gaitskell Wins Round 1', the *Daily Mirror*. 'Nobody has won', decided the *News Chronicle*.

If the correspondents at the front found it difficult to agree on who had won, the leader writers were equally at odds as to what the victory, if it was a victory, meant. 'A decision that makes sense to any reasonable person as a strong statement of Labour's beliefs', pronounced the *Daily Herald*, adding magisterially, 'It is a statement that should unite all honest Socialists'. 'Nothing whatever has been settled. Rationalists and traditionalists are still free to continue their squabbles and it is quite certain they will do so', judged the *Daily Telegraph*. 'Labour's leaders yesterday came to a sensible decision . . . They made it clear that while Labour still believes in national ownership no Labour government will be tied to taking over everything', decided the *Daily Mirror*; ' . . . an ingenious method of letting both sides win but it may still saddle Labour with an electoral handicap', said the *Guardian*. 'From now on', announced the *Daily Express*, 'the Labour Party wears the image of Mr Gaitskell . . . By a shrewd mixture of firmness and flexibility Mr Hugh Gaitskell achieves the substance of what he wants.' But 'Rarely can a political leader have suffered such a reverse on a fundamental principle', was the *Daily Mail's* judgment. 'He has been nailed down to something he does not believe . . . Once again the party will be plunged into bitter controversies and the country will be more puzzled than before.' 'This is an important success for the Socialist force in Britain. It is a setback for the extreme right,' shouted the *Daily Worker* leader writer. 'The true victors', mourned the *News Chronicle*, 'were not the Foot soldiers who at least know what they want. They were not the reformers with their eye on political realities. The victors were the mediocre middle who represent Labour's vested interests, the old, the safe, the conservative . . .' And asking 'Has it been worth it? Will it do the party any good? Who comes out on top anyway?', *The Times* decided: 'The unresolved conflict which has consumed the party's energies and damaged its standing with the electorate, and which in the past few months has attracted vast publicity, remains a conflict and remains unresolved . . . No amount of fraternal protestation among the principal actors in the drama will serve to conceal the fact that the party was presented with a crucial choice, that it refused the choice, and that by its refusal it has surrendered to a further period of chronic internal contradiction'.

Nor had the smoke blown away by Sunday. 'Mr Gaitskell has lost the battle over Clause 4 . . . No talk of compromise, no facade of restored unity, can alter that fact', pronounced the *Sunday Times* after three days deliberation. 'The new statement of Labour Party aims', rejoiced *Reynolds News* at the end of the same period of gestation, 'is one on which all British Socialists can unite . . . It is a declaration of faith in the party's central purpose – the brotherhood of man'. 'With the best will in the world', countered the *Observer*, 'it is impossible to pretend that the Labour Party has gained much by the famous compromise over Clause Four . . . the image of the Labour Party is slightly less attractive than it was before and his [Mr Gaitskell's] own leadership less secure. One day the whole battle will have to be fought again'.

> 'But what good came of it at last?'
> Quoth little Peterkin:
> 'Why that I cannot tell' said he,
> 'But twas a famous victory'.

Let us to simpler matters – or at any rate pleasanter. The flat racing season has opened this week and every newspaper in Fleet Street is preparing to sell a lot more copies and make fortunes for its readers. 'Don't Leave It To Chance – Read *Racing Mirror*', urged the *Mirror*, promising a 'bigger, brighter and better than ever' service from 'Newsboy' and its other experts. 'Our advice', pointed out the *Herald* impartially, is 'follow the man in form: Templegate of course'. The *News Chronicle* had 'an entirely new aid to winner finding' – XTRAFORM – the *Express*, 'the finest racing service of all' with 'Mr X the Wizard Tipster *and* Tortoise and the Hare *and* (of course) Clive Graham, Peter O'Sullivan: The Big Two in Racing'. The *Mail* offered 'Robin Goodfellow, Dalrymple and other new informative features: on the level it's the *Mail* on the Flat. Be Britain's Most Privileged Punter.' Winnings for everybody in fact. Which makes it all the more inconsiderate of *Which* to have produced its analysis of nap selections.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

NEXT WEEK

Nepal Looks Outside
by KINGSLEY MARTIN

The Morning-After Budget
by T. BALOGH

'Language, Truth and Logic'
reassessed by ALASDAIR MACINTYRE

VICKY
Vin Algérie
Les Folies de Grandeur
BOMBE "CAN-CAN"
"BETWEEN OURSELVES, HOW DOES IT FEEL TO SUCCUMB TO THE CULT OF PERSONALITY...?"
ASSEMBLÉE
CLOSED
"WE, TOO, HAVE A PARLIAMENT WHICH MEETS ONCE A YEAR, MONSIEUR LE PRESIDENT.."
FRANCE
ALGERIA
"D' YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW A GOOD DENTIST IN PARIS – JUST IN CASE..."
Les DEUX MAGOTS
L'EXPRESS
"VIVE LE CO-EXISTENTIALISM..!"
CHATEAU RAMBOUILLET
"STOP SAYING YOU WANT TO MEET THE FRENCH PEOPLE, M. KRUSHCHEV – I AM THE FRENCH PEOPLE!"

Tête-à-Tête

Silencing the Watchdogs

THE omens for unity in the Labour Party are still poor. The harbinger of further strife is not so much Mr Woodrow Wyatt, or similar publicists whose voices carry further than their authority, but a more calculating and altogether more important figure in Mr Gaitskell's establishment, Mr Alfred Robens. At the same time as Mr Gaitskell at Manchester last weekend was reaffirming his belief in an extension of public ownership (what, one wonders, *was* the argument all about?), Mr Robens on the other side of the Pennines was advancing the thesis that the constitution of the National Executive should now be amended. Instead of the present system under which constituency parties can elect whom they will as their Executive spokesmen, Mr Robens would like MPs to be barred from this section of the Executive. If, he went on, it was felt that there should be a stronger representation on the Executive of MPs, then the Parliamentary Labour Party, which already chooses the leader and deputy leader, could nominate additional members.

This revision of the party constitution is advocated on the ground that the constituencies should be represented 'by active workers in the divisions'. 'It is a pity,' Mr Robens went on, 'that the authentic voices of the active rank and file are unheard on the National Executive.' But are they not? Mr Robens is far too experienced a politician to expect this statement to be accepted at its face value; and when his proposal is scrutinised, its probable effect becomes obvious. It would be the simplest and, with a bit of luck, the least controversial way of getting rid of Mrs Castle, Mr Driberg, Mr Crossman and Mr Wedgwood Benn. Debarred from representing the constituencies, they would have no chance of being elected by the parliamentary party, the majority of which has always resented both their militancy and the publicity their gifts attract. The fate of Mr Wilson and Mr Greenwood is less sure, for both are elected members of the Parliamentary Committee; but it is unlikely that they would secure the parliamentary nomination to the Executive in the face of Mr Gaitskell's disapproval.

Yet these six people (Mr Callaghan, the seventh constituency member, is politically less readily identified) have consistently led the left-centre resistance to the Lib-Lab revisionists. They have been the watchdogs in the Executive of the rank and file of the movement and, because they are national figures, their voices have been widely heard. Mr Robens will have his work cut out to persuade the 'active workers' that they have not been well served by their present representatives. It is difficult, indeed, to resist the conclusion that his proposal is – or at least will be used as – the next stage in the campaign to purge the Labour Party of Socialism. It was the sharpness of rank-and-file reaction to the assault on Clause Four, in the trade unions as well as constituency parties, which forced Mr Gaitskell to withdraw from the position he took up at Blackpool. The next assault would be carried out a great deal more stealthily if the present unruly watchdogs could first be silenced.

Geneva's Hurrying Snails

THE new ten-nation disarmament conference has now lasted for ten days. It has already settled into a routine of meeting every weekday (not Saturday) from half-past ten in the morning till lunchtime. The proceedings are closed to the public. But the essence of what has happened is leaked immediately afterwards by the spokesmen of the different delegations. A verbatim record (for eventual publication) is made of everything said. Hence, all speakers make orations.

This cumbrous manner of negotiation is one reason why this conference will go on indefinitely. Members of the British delegation are looking for flats. The Canadians are preparing a special disarmament office apart from their permanent representation here. An English diplomat says that he expects the conference to report *every year* to the UN General Assembly. The disarmament conference thus seems likely to become just one more permanent body meeting in the Palais des Nations, occupying a spacious room along the passage from the Opium Commission.

It is already obvious that, procedure apart, it will not be any swift agreement that will bring this conference to an end. For the two groups of powers now stand by separate proposals which it is inconceivable that either seriously believe will be accepted. Mr Valerian Zorin, Soviet deputy foreign minister, and his *camarilla* of eastern Europeans, support the Krushchev plan for 'general and complete' disarmament within five years. Under this scheme (still in the same form as presented by Mr Krushchev in New York), all armed forces, armaments (including nuclear weapons) and armament industries would be progressively abolished. An inspection system would see fair play. But this would be unable ever to give a 100 per cent guarantee that all nuclear weapons had been destroyed.

There is, of course, no chance whatever that any western government will accept this plan or anything like it: no United States government will ever give up its nuclear weapons unless there were a 100 per cent guarantee that everyone else had done the same. Nor will any western government accept any disarmament plan which would mean the dismantlement of Nato, even if such a plan were to cut drastically the Soviet conventional forces whose inflated size in 1949 gave birth to the alliance. For Nato now has the quite different function of withstanding the Soviet nuclear power which was non-existent ten years ago.

These strategic ideas are reflected in the western disarmament plan at this conference. This document proposes a series of minor measures, many of which would be admirable in themselves. There is a scheme for the prior registration of the launching of space 'vehicles'. There is a suggested ban on 'space vehicles capable of mass destruction' – the recognised bogey of the moment at Geneva. There is also a plan for the delivery of agreed, and perhaps increasing, quantities of conventional arms to an international depôt. But the plan gives the greatest emphasis of all to the establishment of a control organisation to collect information on existing levels of forces and arms. The only actual measure of disarmament that this body would have to deal with would be a meagre cut in the armed forces of the US and the USSR to 2.1 million men. True, there would also, under the western plan, be a ban on the future production of nuclear weapons at the same time as these other measures. But this clause is so hedged round with qualifications that it would be perfectly possible to avoid putting it into force by arguing that a 100 per cent guarantee of effective control could not be achieved – which everyone knows anyway to be the case. Finally, the western plan envisages a series of more far-reaching measures for the distant future. But they are very vague and very distant plans indeed. The western delegations might have saved themselves the trouble of drafting anew this part of their proposal. They could easily have simply repeated or modernised certain relevant parts of the UN Charter, except that the first of these final provisions contains an obvious dig at the veto in the Security Council.

There is no chance at all that Russia will accept this plan. The West is demanding the establishment of an international inspection system with tentacles all over the world (including inside the Soviet Union) while offering almost no disarmament in return. It would be easy for the Communist delegations to denounce the proposed inspection system as a network of 'espionage'. Russia might just conceivably accept a disarmament plan which made inspection a *quid pro quo* for the withdrawal of US bases in Europe. But for the American delegation the question of bases is a forbidden topic. It is a matter, they say, of politics, and not of disarmament at all.

If, therefore, there are two plans before the conference which have not a chance of being accepted, one might expect that the whole affair would shortly break down. But curiously enough there is not a chance of this. The two groups of delegations are on excellent terms, far better than their predecessors have been when their policies seemed far closer together. The truth is that it is to everyone's advantage that some disarmament talks should be going on even if they make no progress. It may be that while the conference is actually sitting, no country will embark on the expensive project of the manufacture of an earth satellite loaded with a nuclear weapon. It may also be that, after prolonged discussion, certain special aspects of disarmament will be channelled off from this conference into another, nominally secondary, series of talks, on the model of the existing conference on nuclear weapons tests. That, after all, was a matter which a few years ago was being discussed under the general disarmament heading. Now it has been separated from it and, with the new Soviet concession, success seems once again almost achieved.

Within a few weeks, therefore, a new conference may be proposed (perhaps as a result of the Summit) which will consider, say, the registration with an international authority of all space flights. The Soviet Union will continue to protest before the world, no doubt, that it stands for total disarmament, but will graciously agree to take part in the more limited series of talks. The West will argue that they have all the time wanted to put first things first, and will claim the success (if achieved) of such lesser negotiations as a victory for their own concept of disarmament. The general disarmament conference, meantime, which opened with such a fanfare of enthusiasm on 15 March, will continue simply as a clearing house of ideas.

HUGH THOMAS

Geneva

London Diary

I HAVE been reading the latest output of Mitfordiana, an autobiographical volume entitled *Hons and Rebels* by Jessica Mitford, who hit the headlines in the big way in the Thirties when she made a runaway marriage with Sir Winston Churchill's nephew, Esmond Romilly. The Mitfords must be regarded as a pioneering family. They have a place in the social history of our times. Just as Henry Ford I transformed the motor car from an accessory of the affluent into a popular commodity, the Mitfords transformed upper-class credentials into common currency. They foresaw, and played their part in shaping, the new snobbishness, which was going to be based, not on a self-contained élite looking down contemptuously on those outside their own circle, but on an act, publicly performed and publicly applauded. Every gossip columnist should venerate their name. Women's magazines owe them a deep debt of gratitude. To survive, in the new climate of ostensible egalitarianism, the upper classes (and the monarchy) had to become a soap opera. The Mitfords have made a considerable contribution towards showing how this can be done.

* * *

The survival, and indeed glorification, of snobbishness when ostensibly the trend was all the other way, is a subject which deserves careful and full treatment. Who would ever have believed in 1945 that, 15 years later, expensive preparatory schools would all be bursting at the seams? Or that public schools could go on putting up their fees and at the same time increasing their waiting lists? Or that popular newspapers would find it worth while to devote ever more space to the doings of the nobility and the rich? These matters should be gone into. The extension of state higher education, and a huge Labour Party majority in the first post-war House of Commons, seemed to be instruments for abolishing the U-game. Actually, they have brought it to the masses. So hats off to the Mitfords! When other social speculators were frenziedly trying to get hold of proletarians, they quietly went on buying up upper classes on a falling market. And how these subsequently appreciated! What capital gains!

* * *

Which? the publication of the Consumers' Association, rarely fails to provide good value and a hearty laugh. I liked very much the article in the March issue on Royal Jelly, which has been variously described as 'Nature's Most Mysterious Gift of Beauty', as stimulating 'mental and physical alertness', and as being 'of especial value to men and women in business and public life'. This stuff is fed to grubs in the beehive which are to become queens. It has been extensively marketed at up to £20 odd for 250 milligrams, and has had a ready sale. The idea of the jelly being royal gives it a great sales advantage; and as queen bees reproduce lavishly and live longer than the others, it is easy to associate Royal Jelly with longevity and potency. The magazine *Which's* conclusion is that the vogue for Royal Jelly is a case of 'sympathetic magic'. Its constituents, as put on the market, would appear to be much the same as those of other such preparations.

* * *

I was also interested in *Which's* analysis of racing correspondents. Its analysis shows that anyone who had followed the nap selections over a course of 13 years (1947 to 1959) 'would have lost from £25 15s. 5d. to £290 6s. 9d. for a £1 stake on each horse, depending on the newspaper or correspondent in which he put his faith.' Nonetheless, at the beginning of the flat-racing season, the tipsters are in as full spate as ever, and, presumably, their advice is being as eagerly sought as ever. We like to name the times that we live in. I suggest for ours the 'Age of Credulity'.

* * *

Can there ever have been a more bizarre encounter than between de Gaulle and Krushchev? How I wish their conversations were going to be taped! De Gaulle's talk rolls on and on in an unending, majestic flow. His method (as has been well exemplified by his recent utterances on Algeria) is to present a variety of conflicting propositions, each propounded with great force and dignity. Krushchev's interpreter, youthful and immensely skilful, will have a hard time breaking in and conveying what has been said. As for Krushchev – he likes to dart about from one theme to another; to make jokes, be preposterous, interpose insults with affectionate banter and mock seriousness. As a comic turn they would be terrific. Alas, we shall never see it. The public relations mills will grind out their dusty communiqués; and we shall never know, for instance, how the General responds when, as must inevitably happen, Krushchev compliments him on the taking of the Bastille. Or how the conversation goes when de Gaulle seeks to involve Krushchev in his own passionate admiration for Napoleon.

* * *

I have always had an obsessive fancy for the man who is chased in preference to the chasers. This is quite irrespective of the reason for the chase, which may, of course, be a perfectly valid one. It is, I suspect, an old fashioned, romantic attitude, likely soon to become quite obsolete. The majority, it seems to me, must always be mistaken – which is one of the great fallacies of parliamentary democracy, especially in its exported versions. In my eyes, the powerful are always on the wrong side, the rich cannot be other than mistaken, and those who exercise authority are natural enemies even when personally congenial. I was thinking along such lines about Crossman's expulsion from the Opposition front bench. Apart from the fact that I think his views on the nuclear deterrent are correct, the mere circumstance of his refusing to heed the whips, or give any undertaking about his future observations on what is, after all, a matter of life or death for the human race, endears him to me and makes me want to give him a public salute.

* * *

An interesting example of the ways in which the call-girl system works has been sent to me by a friend. It is a small publication, rather highly priced at 5s., and entitled *Ladies Directory*. The contents consist only of advertisements, some of which are photographically illustrated, and most of which give vital statistics. One lady, Betty, offers English, French, German and Italian. Quite a number recommend themselves as being 'coffee coloured', but only one describes herself as a 'young coloured model, 38-26-38, recent arrival in England.' I like very much 'Miss Fetishe, aged 24, 43-25-37, theatrical wardrobe available, shoes, rubber hosiery, etc.' Quite a number offer 'corrective a speciality.' Corrective of what? I am mystified. 'Leather and velvet' provide another speciality. Redheads occur fairly frequently as a special attraction. The most demure advertiser is Ruth, who 'receives visitors from 3 p.m. to 10 p.m.' The photographs are rather disappointing, and scarcely match the text. They seem sad and forlorn. Advertising rates, given on the back page, struck me as low – 10s. for one-third of a page, but four insertions are obligatory. A whole page and 'photo material' are 'by special arrangement'.

* * *

In Oxford, I hear, roll-top sweaters are now offered for sale as 'authors' sweaters'.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

The Mid-Century Mission

THERE are black moments when the Labour Party's behaviour and obsessions put one in mind of those villages, isolated and inbred, once-prosperous, now in decline, where the inhabitants' lingo is comprehensible to no-one but themselves and sanity seems more relative than usual. At the moment the obsession seems to be about Clause Four and refinements of party discipline. Who knows what next? It seems extraordinary that in the exciting times in which we live a great party should prefer an arid theological disputation to a passionate curiosity about the future. Could it be that this is what Socialists throughout the country want? That this kind of argument is the stuff of politics? I don't think so. Wounds should surely heal more quickly, work of a different sort have started among the ruins of October.

Suggesting precisely what this work should be is a different kettle of fish. To recognise that it is necessary is, though, a good enough start the way things are now. Britain in the next decades, like the US and Russia, is going to make its living in huge industrial organisations. Crushed within will be the small man struggling to be free. Why not start with him? By imaginative propaganda, too, the Labour Party should be able to put across the idea that the nation, the state, is better able to direct these vast organisations than private interests. But suppose Labour does succeed in this: the small man, the individual, remains trapped.

There is a fatalism about, I know, which suggests they will be able to accomplish no such persuasion; that, under the pressures of advertising at home and public relations in industry, the worker has become isolated as a consumer. He is a willing contestant in a rat-race which has no end in sight. Perhaps this is how it will be. With mass unemployment a curious historical phenomenon, the worker may be persuaded that the new industrial paternalism is the natural order of things; and that this, along with a choice of programmes on the telly, a car, the club and canned beer, is the best of all possible worlds. Every man will then be an island, and an arid one at that. Life, if not harmonious, may seem at least a well-disciplined unison. 1984 will see this benevolent and wretched kind of Tory paternalism – unless the Labour Party both recognises and seeks out those elements in the society of the immediate future which will work against it. This I believe it can do.

To proselytise state control of the industrial monolith is really not enough. That is summit

propaganda. Equally necessary, even more necessary, is work in the foothills. What I mean is that the principles of Socialism must be brought home to people in their everyday lives: they must be exemplified in the touchstones of commonplaces like education, health, housing and work. Policies, of course, must be worked out and facts and figures made available to the committed. It surely is then possible to show to small groups of people that the kind of education they want for their children is possible if they organise themselves and fight. That there is no reason why they should endure the conditions they have to in hospitals so long as they are prepared to do something about it. This may seem elementary. The sad thing is that it is the elementary which is being ignored.

I understand the arguments of despair. In the acquisitive society money can buy everything, including status – which is so pathetically important to the class-ridden British. Money, for instance, may buy a private or public school education which confers status. Buying preferential treatment at hospitals may also (God help us) confer status. The worker in a full-employment society thus becomes middle-class, that class which has always been acquisitive, whose members have always been isolated. The worker is then indifferent, so the argument goes, to the kind of collective action which springs from the belief that men have a responsibility to one another. It isn't enough, in reply to these arguments, to say that the public schools must be abolished and the health service made total, although these things must be said, because this sort of reply is putting the cart before a horse which has not yet begun to run.

Perhaps these arguments of despair are the correct ones; perhaps there is no future for Socialism. But it seems to me that within the prosperous society there are growing outcrops of discontent and disillusion. In a decade, perhaps, people currently engaged in the pursuit of happiness in the shape of consumer goods will look for happiness in a different form. Their children, to whom prosperity will seem as inevitable as were poverty and hardship to the parents, may reasonably be expected to be less tolerant of the system they live under. The Labour Party will not appeal to these people by preaching about the ogre of unemployment or the spiritual evil of the motor car. All that is old hat. Thinking has to be done in the context of prosperity, however difficult the effort for people understandably conditioned by the Thirties. But the fruits of disillusion are not just going to fall into the lap of Socialism. It needs to earn them by exhibiting at the most workaday levels the virtues of its grand ideals, and the place of work is, I suppose, both the most commonplace and the most important of these levels.

To say that industry, the place of work, should be controlled by the state is, once more, only the beginning. What is crucial is what happens to the individual within industry, whether or not it is controlled by the state. Having worked in industry and visited scores of factories and having the usual number of friends working in a wide range of jobs, I'd say there's a growing discontent among intelligent workers at the way they make their living. I don't mean simply that they are disgruntled because they don't get the money or promotion they think they are worth, or that they are educated above their opportunities – although this last is a serious matter. I mean that they are disgruntled at the monotony of their working lives, at the lack of any feeling, of a lack of control of what is going on around them, at an absence of any satisfying sense of purpose.

This situation usually produces one of three consequences. The first is torpor; the second is an articulated hostility sublimated in union work or in anarchical trade disputes; the third is a positive retreat into private life. Retreating into private life, obviously, may be inspired by the contemplation of graver horrors like the H-bomb, but it has part of its roots in this particular discontent at work, a discontent which is not yet widespread, let alone total, but which will grow. It is going to be worth a lot of somebody's time to examine it in detail.

In several industries apparatus exists for providing workers with a sense of purpose. Among young executives, as we know, partnership schemes operate, which are aimed at creating a sense of mission around the advertising or selling of detergents. The idealism of some is still not satisfied. In industry works' councils operate aimed at creating a sense of participation in the decisions of management. I remember our delegate at these meetings whiling away the long hours of the night shift with stories of their fatuousness. Everything trivial might be discussed but nothing important. Complaints about buses, lavatories, canteen meals: this was the degree of participation. At those meetings in progressive companies at which senior executives explain the balance sheet to the workers, the saddest spectacle is always the member of the audience who thinks he is being done a favour and is grateful. There is never any doubt where the power lies and this, with all its patronising overtones, with all its spurious chumminess, is the Achilles heel of the new paternalism.

The workers could make better use of the apparatus of works councils and similar devices. The unions are very reasonably reluctant to join too enthusiastically in these affairs, fearing identification with decisions over which they have had no real control. But what if they do join in, and press hard to influence particular managerial decisions? If successful they will have established some degree of workers' control. Since this is unlikely, their lack of success will demonstrate clearly to the workers the intolerable inferiority of their position. The unions might give more thought to the concept of training some of their members in the techniques of management. But these are very tentative notions in a field so traditionally hide-bound in concepts of master and man. It demands a whole body of new thinking if it is ever to be ploughed-up, democratised, socialised. The managers and their experts are not going to do it. Why should they? They, at least, are aware which side they are on.

What needs scotching is the idea that the workers in any industry are incapable of exercising enough wisdom or good judgment in their areas of control. At worst they could scarcely be inferior to managers one comes across. (Why not a union campaign against the inefficiency of management? The Americans have started one.) The unions, as well as the Labour Party, need to do some thinking quickly about these and other questions they know more about than I do. Otherwise they may well find their forces fragmented, their members isolated in savage competition, with the weakest going to the wall.

Despair here also comes easily. What is one to make, to take a fairly banal example, of the increasing tendency in British industry to force workers to eat by status? On the top floor, top management; on the next, executives of a lesser sort; on the next technicians of one kind or another; on the next, foremen; and down below, off oil-cloth, the rest. Let everyone eat together, one says. Ah, comes the too ready answer, but only the people at the bottom will be happy about this, and they will vote for you anyway and their votes are never enough. What's more, if the people at the bottom are promoted foreman they will be only too anxious to have people eating beneath them.

This is the wrong time for despair. It is also the wrong time to be counting votes or even thinking about votes if Socialism is ever going to capture the imagination of a majority of the electorate. And it is, I am sure, Socialism we should be thinking about rather than the Labour Party, a Socialism able to present to the people trapped between monoliths means whereby they may enjoy a better kind of life. It seems incredible that the means should not exist, be waiting to be discovered when there do exist so many people who feel – some so obscurely that they don't quite know what it is they feel – the desire that they should.

What is needed is an armoury of new ideas with people who believe in them spreading the word among their immediate neighbours. These secular missionaries will have to fight powerful forces in all aspects of existence, but similar fights have been won before. It is not as if everyone has to be converted. It is no good, it is even harmful, pretending that no-one is going to be hurt. Commotions and gaieties of all kinds are also welcome. I can see that all this may at one and the same time seem both absurdly idealistic and tediously humdrum. No apologies are offered for the idealism. And isn't it out of the humdrum, that point at which people's lives are directly touched by politics, that activity springs. Out of simple activity, ideas and concern and passion can spring. Without it, certainly, the ideals of Socialism, the concept of the brotherhood of man, will never get off the ground.

W. JOHN MORGAN

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Future staff of Princess Margaret will find her a considerate mistress. Throughout Clarence House her laughter and light soprano voice singing the latest hit tune has brightened many a housemaid's day. – *Liverpool Echo*. (A. Davey.)

A man under observation at a mental hospital was found in possesion of a sawn-off shot-gun. When he was discharged the gun was given back to him. – *News Chronicle*. (J. J. Baxter.)

She actually won a scholarship to Chelsea Secondary School but left at the age of 14 to model bras and panties. Mum, a simple Irish woman, didn't really approve, but backed Ella because she knew it would help her to meet the right people. – *People*. (Joyce Montagu.)

May I express my regret that the new Bank of England £1 notes have no St George and the Dragon on them? It is sad to drop a patron saint – a Christian symbol in a troubled world. – *Daily Telegraph*. (H. Forres.)

The ordinary English person must be made to realise that it is far worse to use artificial flowers than to shoot foxes, said Mr E. H. Gardener, chairman of the central horticultural committee of the National Farmers' Union in London yesterday. Artificial flowers could become a major problem to the flower-growing industry. – *Daily Telegraph*. (H. E. Packman.)

Trouble aloft

What is it this time ? An airlock, ball valve stuck, a family treasure mislaid, or just mice again ? Anyway, thank goodness there's a candle in the house (he's seen to *that* ever since the time when there wasn't !). One thing he probably doesn't realise is that in the friendly glow of candlelight, as in so many other useful things, he is being helped by Shell Chemicals. . . .

Shell are one of the biggest suppliers of petroleum waxes, which have many other uses besides candle-making – from the waxed paper that protects your daily bread, to electrical insulation and the quicker plucking of chickens. Apart from the waxes, consider polystyrene (an excellent thermal insulant when expanded), high-density polyethylene, polypropylene, PVC, synthetic rubbers and resins, solvents, insecticides, weed-killers, fertilisers and general chemicals (including a whole family of ethylene oxide and propylene oxide derivatives) and you will have some idea of the great range of Shell activity in the chemical field. If any of these materials enter into your business, then Shell supply and service will interest you. If you have any problem – industrial or agricultural – involving the use of chemicals, Shell may well be able to help and will certainly be pleased to try.

Write to the Advertising Manager, Shell Chemical Company Limited, 170 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

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SHELL

Olympic Swindle

INTERNATIONAL sport could prove to be the Achilles heel of white supremacist confidence in South Africa. For if the country were barred from Olympic, or even Empire, Games until it abolishes the all-pervading racial discrimination in its sport, a traumatic shock would be administered to its whole white community.

Both the Nationalist politicians who rule South Africa and the whites who administer its amateur sport know this. They are therefore working hand in glove with the country's white press to suppress facts and stifle discussion which might lead whites to realise how easily their lush segregated playing fields could be undermined by international action. But so far white South Africa has been backed by the international controlling bodies in each code of amateur sport. Table tennis is the honourable exception, but table tennis is not an Olympic sport.

The result is that the great Olympic swindle is now in full swing in South Africa. Whites-only Olympic trials are proceeding merrily in every code of sport. It will be recalled that when the International Olympic Committee met in Munich last year, it had before it detailed evidence, sent by the non-racial South African Sports Association, of racial discrimination in South African sport. A rebuttal was made by Mr Reg Honey, QC, who is both the International Committee's representative in South Africa and the honorary life president of the whites-only South African Olympic Association. Mr Honey denied the existence of racial discrimination, assured the Committee that any sufficiently accomplished non-white sportsman would be selected for Rome and that the Nationalist government would grant him a passport.

What, on the eve of the Rome Olympics, is the actual position? In fine, a farce. Selection for the Games is made in each code of sport by the internationally recognised South African body. These white bodies are all affiliated to the all-white South African Olympic Association, which has the power to veto selections. After Mr Honey had denied racial discrimination last year, several of the national bodies attempted to lend his statement a semblance of truth by removing from their constitutions the racially restrictive clauses present when he spoke. The change has remained a purely paper one. In addition, however, some of the white national bodies have now offered a form of 'trusteeship' affiliation to non-whites which, if accepted, would force the latter to assist in the entrenchment of *apartheid* in sport.

This is the scheme which the whites have evolved to escape Olympic censure. The white national controlling body in each code consists of representatives of each of South Africa's four provinces. The *national* non-white body in a code is now being offered indirect representation, by whites, equivalent to that of one white *provincial* unit. In return, the non-white body must undertake to run its sport separately.

If this manœuvre succeded, it would not only deprive non-whites of a direct say in the administration of their sport at the highest level. It would forbid them to join the existing white bodies at the provincial or club level and would exclude them from the facilities provided for and the national events run by the whites. In theory, 'trusteeship' affiliation *could* lead to non-whites being selected for Olympics in individual, though never in team, sports on the basis of their segregated performances.

The whole scheme fits in neatly with the plans of the Nationalist government, whose chief weapon against non-white sportsmen is the passport. Past Ministers of the Interior have refused passports to a football team about to sail for India and, last year, seized them from a table tennis team selected by the internationally recognised non-racial body to represent South Africa at the Dortmund world championships. Now, following an inquiry made on behalf of the NEW STATESMAN, the present Minister has written to me as follows:

> It has always been the policy of this government not to prevent non-white sportsmen from competing overseas, and, therefore, no objection will be raised to any non-white sportsmen competing at the forthcoming Olympic Games, *provided he is selected by the recognised body in the Union* [my italics] constituted for the purpose of selecting contestants for the Games. Every application for a passport to enable such non-white sportsmen to proceed to the Games will be considered on its merits.

The government's desire to entrench the colour bar in sport is illustrated by recently promulgated regulations which make any inter-racial activity in professional boxing, even on the purely business side, an offence. And when the white South African football body was challenged in FIFA – the international body controlling soccer – by a non-racial group, it produced a letter from the Nationalist government stating boldly that it was opposed to any 'mixed' sport in South Africa. Nevertheless, there is at present no law prohibiting inter-racial amateur sport in this country.

Instead, a host of administrative measures, on both the governmental and municipal level, effectively confine non-whites to the grossly inadequate and inferior facilities of the 'locations'. And the use of even these facilities is, under a recent governmental directive, dependent on municipal recognition, which means that no non-racial nonsense is tolerated. The only other sporting facilities available to Africans are those provided by white employers. This largely means the mining companies, who encourage their labourers, forbidden to live with their families and cooped up instead in strictly controlled barracks, to 'let off steam' in tourist-delighting tribal dancing and in sport.

Excluded from white-controlled sport, non-whites have in the past compensated by organising in dozens of their own groups, many of them also racially exclusive. Under the leadership of the South African Sports Association, which now claims 70,000 members in affiliated bodies, racialism is being eradicated from these groups, whose membership is being offered to one and all. The reaction of white officials and administrators has been to promote dissension by eagerly recognising dissident groups prepared to accept racialism. It is significant that the only non-white bodies to have accepted 'trusteeship' Olympic affiliation are a 'Bantu' cycling and athletic group run by white mining officials and composed very largely of African miners. But not even these tame Bantu were permitted to compete against a German athletic team which recently toured South Africa with the approval of its Olympic Association.

It is clear that if international and Olympic bodies recognise the South African 'trusteeship' scheme, non-whites will be permanently at the mercy of the presently recognised white racialists. I use the word 'permanently' advisedly, writing this report after a long interview with Mr Reg Honey. Mr Honey showed an appreciation of the social, economic and recreational problems facing South Africa's non-whites, and assured me that those accepting 'trusteeship' affiliation would be given full coaching and administrative assistance. And, emphatically, any qualified non-white, if nominated by the white 'trustees', would be approved for the Olympics.

Then came one of those moments which make an interview memorable. Assuming, I asked, that non-whites were prepared to accept racially segregated sport in South Africa, was it not unfair that they should not be represented directly on the national governing bodies? And was it not even less fair that the indirect, white representation offered them was one quarter of that enjoyed by the white groups, who often had less members?

'Yes, one man one vote', Mr Honey replied, 'there's a lot of talk about that nowadays. Let me tell you I'm convinced that if it came about in South Africa, politically or in sport, the whole country would be down the drain in six months. We [whites] are determined to retain control. If we don't, the whole thing would disintegrate.'

Mr Honey specifically asked me to attribute quotes from our interview to him as the representative in South Africa of the International Olympic Committee. It will be interesting to see whether the committee endorses the very frank statements he has thus made on its behalf.

Johannesburg JAMES FAIRBAIRN

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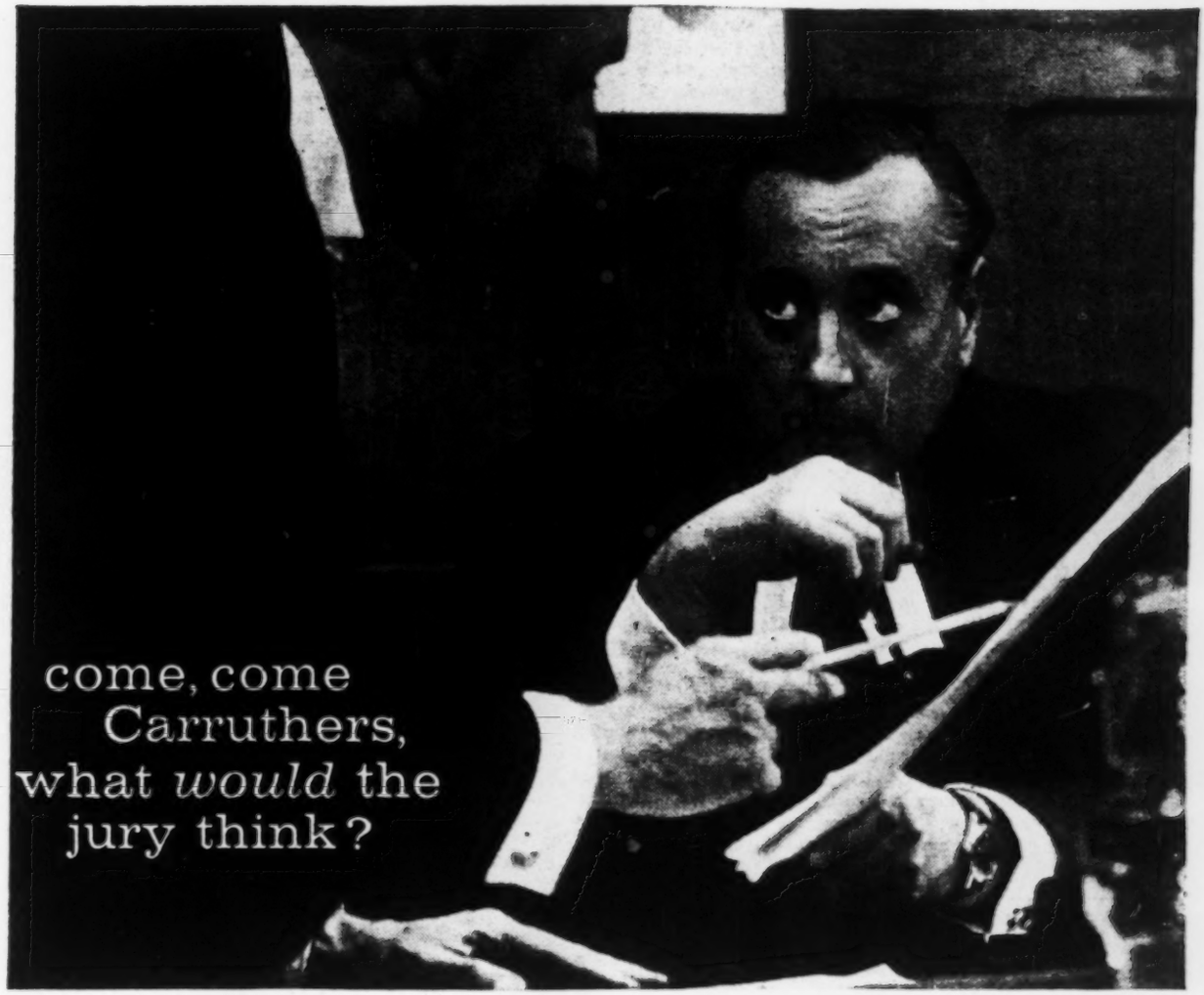

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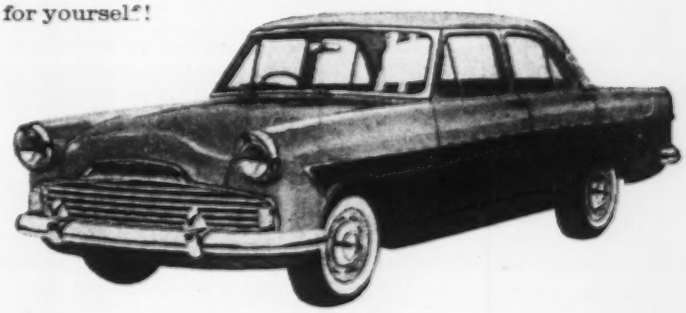

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The Challenge of the Poll

'ANOTHER blow to the left diehards, and for Mr Gaitskell and his friends an inspiration and a challenge.' This was the comment of Mr Delash, Secretary of the Society for Practical Thinking, on the results of this week's *News Chronicle* Gallup Poll on birching, flogging and capital punishment. Summarising the result, the *News Chronicle* noted that 'the Gallup Poll figures do not support the usual picture of the Conservatives as the party of flogging. Among the workers 79 per cent of people want corporal punishment back.'

The Society for Practical Thinking does not for one moment deny that, in the words of its spokesman, 'there was a period when what used to be described as "the Labour Party" did – at least so far as its public image was concerned – take a certain exception to "corporal punishment" (a characteristically vague term for a process which we should nowadays more exactly define as "pressure exerted in the extra-mental sector of the individual make-up").

'It is a fact, and, seen in its correct historical perspective, a fact of which "the party" – another of those emotive phrases which sometimes tend to darken rather than clarify counsel – has no reason to be ashamed. There is nothing wrong with the past provided we keep it in its place, which is, in terms of this essentially modern Britain of ours, the past. But it is certainly time that any Association for Vote Acquisition (surely a more satisfactory term than that rather suspect word "party") took another look at its old inhibitions, sloughed off the thought-patterns of what has been aptly designated "the cloth-cap mentality", and faced up to the deeply challenging realities of a period when the formerly depressed British working class, or "gainfully employed sector" is not merely in cracking form but, as the latest poll shows, whip-cracking form.'

As Mr Delash sees it, the results of the latest Gallup Poll, are 'the green light signalling to Mr Gaitskell that now is the time to press forward along the M1 of reconstructed modern thinking regardless of the shibbolethic roundabouts of the Old Testament.'

'As the leader of a democratic and – let us not for one moment hesitate to say so – a *social* democratic AVA, Mr Gaitskell cannot afford to ignore the significance of that 79 per cent of workers who have shown that they simply have "no time" for the woolly-minded type of individual who fails to respond to the essentially neo-Elizabethan appeal of the lusty thwack of birch or thong on the flesh of those members of our community who have shown themselves incapable of measuring up to the standards of a progressive society.'

As Mr Delash pointed out, Mr Gaitskell has never shown himself lacking in that true political courage which consists in a determination to act on the knowledge that the 'right thing' to do is what 51 per cent or upwards of those on the electoral roll are, at any given time, in favour of doing.

When a well-conducted poll unequivocally demonstrates that a very large majority of ballot-papered citizens is in favour of birching, flogging and hanging by the neck until dead, then, in the interests of the Labour movement *as a whole*, it is Mr Gaitskell's bounden duty to disregard the shrill cries of sentimental 'humanitarians' – many of whom would rather risk a split in the ranks of the party than admit that the soundest cure for social maladjustment is a good thrashing – and show the country that if more flogging is wanted the Labour Party is able and eager to face up to its responsibilities.

There is no time to be lost. Already the Conservative Party organisers are studying the Gallup Poll results. 'Now,' said Mr Delash, 'is the moment, surely, for Mr Gaitskell to summon an emergency meeting of the Labour Party Executive and write into the party constitution a paragraph which will once and for all spike the guns of those who, by taking advantage of slogans long out of date in the true Labour movement, would seek to misrepresent the party as one which has still not grown to understanding and appreciation of the teachings of the Marquis de Sade.

'There will of course be protests from what may be dubbed "compulsive leftists", men and women bogged down in an outworn tradition of what they are pleased to term "humane thinking". Such people may, without unduly endangering party unity, be permitted to voice their opinions in the privacy of their homes. Should it, at a later stage, be desirable to take another look at party policy and, for example, re-introduce the system of public hangings, nobody, unless of course he is a member of the Shadow Cabinet, holding the responsibilities which that implies, will be required to attend at Tyburn in person.

'And Mr. Gaitskell may rest assured that he will have behind him the fullest support of all practical thinkers if he will but grasp the whip firmly by the handle, and boldly nail the cat-o'-nine-tails to the party mast.'

CLAUD COCKBURN

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LONGMANS

The Arts and Entertainment

Young Contemporaries and an Old Master

BY the nature of its constitution, which is its saving grace, the annual Young Contemporaries exhibition (RBA) reflects the enthusiasms of those who do the donkey-work of organising it, so one may reasonably look to this exhibition for positive signs of what the graduate/postgraduate art student is thinking about and doing. The exhibition may justly claim to be the most wide open as far as selection of the work is concerned, though there is naturally an air of central London authority about it. This year everything is mapped out with utmost clarity – 'Here be Davies, here be de Koonings, here be Bombergs . . . .' Indeed, so far has the intention of patterning been taken that whole walls have been given spectrum-like colour schemes, a sort of indoor landscape gardening which, on the two main walls, has slipped over from being active to being picaresque. But in spite of such display methods and the fact that a certain number of pictures are sympathetic to this little touch of Woollands in the Haymarket, the pictures of personal and original value stand out quite clearly.

There is nothing wrong or unusual in young artists thinking they are doing one thing when in fact they are doing another, but the man who is concerned not to be misunderstood is the one who talks more and more about less and less. Yet it would be wrong not to make direct reference to several artists who use their heads as well as their hearts and who seem to know where they are going. Brian Young's four grouped pictures reveal a personal sensibility not unlike Robin Denny's on two accounts. They both handle their paint beautifully without agitating it into a mystic mess and they are both able to make their pictures work in relation to one another and still to remain sufficient unto themselves. Young's pictures have a clean-limbed look to them; there is an elastic tension which holds the space to the surface of the canvas. Such action as takes place in them occurs at intervals which are judged by sensibility rather than measured by geometry.

By contrast Dennis Creffield, with two still-lifes, apart from reiterating the virtues of painting with porridge, continues to paint things seen as things felt, the term 'physical sensation' coming to mean both combined into one form of expression. The most obviously personal (original is not a word to use without lengthy qualifications) of these young artists is R. B. Kitaj. This may be because he uses a surrealist iconography which invites the sort of literary/figurative interpretation which most of the others are at pains to reject. But he himself rejects nothing of the painterly virtues which so many pursue to the exclusion of all else.

Close by in the National Gallery, Rembrandt's *Man on a Horse* is now on view to the public, cleaned and relined and presenting its own particular puzzle to the iconographers.

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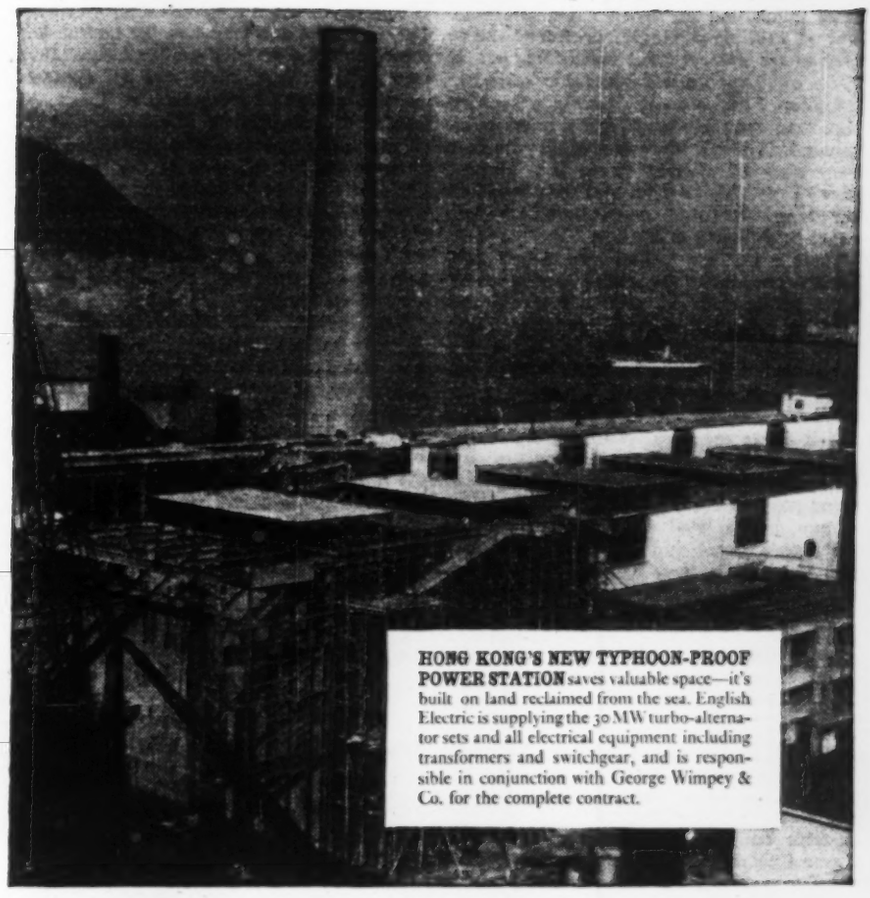

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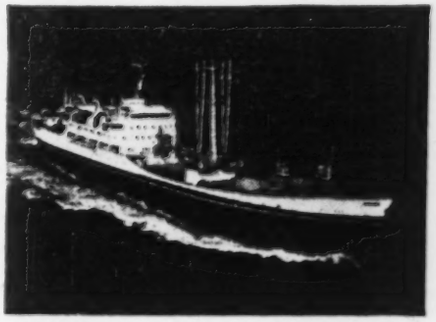

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As it is now hung, with a superb vista from the top of the entrance steps, it is worth every penny it has cost us. When I first saw it in 1953 at Burlington House, uncleaned, awkward to see without shine and in relation to the 50 other superb Rembrandts in the same exhibition, I had a distinct feeling, shared by more than one other artist, that it didn't quite come off. (There is no reason to suppose that every work by a great master is a masterpiece.) I certainly readjust that view now, but something more intriguing has become evident – that he probably didn't finish it.

There is no need to humanise Rembrandt, but it is pleasant to think of so prodigious an artist getting fed up with a problem and knowing when to stop. One can imagine him welcoming the opportunity to tackle the sort of problem Velasquez, for one, had tackled, but, typically, Rembrandt's solution is much more complex. Instead of a simple silhouette and a single rhetorical gesture, Rembrandt's picture involves cross-lighting and several movements. The horse is prancing in a stereotyped position but the head is turned into the picture, into a wind which also billows out the rider's jacket and sash and the horse's tail. The two or three figures now visible to the right of the rider are also probably mounted and give both weight and a sense of impetus to an otherwise static image. The background group on top of the coach, which is itself long and straight and parallel to the picture plane, creates a visual speed as the figures look forward in the opposite direction. The two inside the coach would also partake of this speed but the third figure (now seen to be outside) turns towards the front of the picture and looks down at what may be a table on which his hat lies. The fourth figure (this side of the table) has his back to the viewer. What previously appeared to be the front wheels of the coach can now be seen to be a separate but indistinguishable vehicle. The prow of a small boat in the bottom left corner defines a small stream somewhat lower than both the foreground and the distance, inserting a kind of perspective to justify the scale of the front group. So the rider and his company, one bearing a torch, come prancing on from the evening light of the right-hand side into a breeze which, in the fluid brushwork of the trees, elevates one's eyes up to the top left corner, while against this movement the speeding coach moves as a foil – a foil which has its own static centre – on normal viewing eye-level.

The mysteries of this picture have not been cleared up with the cleaning; rather they have been added to. The incident in the background remains one of the most exciting and touching passages in art. The idea of such an incident must have been in Rembrandt's mind from the start, for the thick rose-red paint runs under the forelegs of the horse. It is significant that this description should ignore the ostensible centre of the picture – the face of the man portrayed – a round face, fresh-coloured neatly curled moustache, raised eyebrows over large calm eyes, aloof but not unfriendly, courtly without arrogance, posed but not demanding, an elegant knight borne by an enchanting Pegasus aware of his divinity.

KEITH SUTTON

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HUGH J. KLARE

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Three Lanterns of Architecture

A NEAT example of the tendency of human institutions to turn into their own opposites: on Monday night the BBC's *Sportsview Special* showed a film of a football match between Barcelona and Real Madrid, and presumably, by doing so, stole most of the viewers still awake at 10.15; while A-R were presenting, with a two-page fanfare by Basil Spence in the *TV Times* and a lyrical introduction by Sir Kenneth Clark, the first of a new ATV series on *The Art of Architecture* – and this first instalment had the non-admass-pulling title *The Good Old Rules*.

Moreover, Michael Redington, the producer, played it straight and quiet. Had he chosen to handle architecture in the current manner of *Panorama* or *What Do You Know?*, or of some of his own Sunday-night *Seven Deadly Sins* (of which the first, *Anger*, has been, so far, the most startlingly dramatic), we would have seen, first, some quick shots of contrasted buildings, accompanied by drum-rolls, cymbals, and phrases from Reyner Banham's expository commentary shouted in a tone of anxious defiance: Which building has a portico *like the bonnet of a Rolls-Royce*? (Answer: any Palladian villa.) Which has its exterior decoration *sprayed on and not very thickly sprayed at that*? (The NFU HQ, Knightsbridge.) This mannerism of production, which is already becoming a cliché, may owe something to the technique of the commercials; and it may indeed hold the listless or sleepy viewer's attention. Mr Redington – calculating, perhaps, that viewer-resistance to this uncompromisingly egghead subject would be such that the benefits of compromise were negligible – risked something much more like the old lantern-lecture, stills like slides, almost a billiard-cue in Mr Banham's hand; and I think he brought it off.

He had in Mr Banham a perfect performer for the part. If the lantern-lecturer had dithered or whinnied at us, or indulged in the slightest preciousness, we should *all* have switched off. Fortunately Mr Banham looks more like a civil engineer or bomb-disposal expert than an architectural critic: his voice is crisp and gravelly, his language strong rather than noble, in all he says there is a bone-structure as coherent as that of the buildings he praises. He really started with the ABC of architecture, choosing for his first example something that most people wouldn't recognise as a 'building' at all, the Danish camp at Warham, Norfolk ('they had a simple job to do – to put a ditch round some beached long-ships – but they opted to do it in a very grand manner'); yet in less than half-an-hour he managed to convey, at least to viewers who, if uninstructed hitherto, were prepared to look and listen, just what he meant by the 'good old rules' of classical order and balance, and why they can still be expressed through glass and steel, and how to detect a 'wrong 'un'.

In the course of the exercise he threw away a lot of enjoyable information, such as the origin of the Corinthian capital (a basket of flowers on the grave of a lovely girl of Corinth); this was relevant because Kent showed the girl and the basket inside Chiswick, and Lord Burlington used the capitals for its portico. The next in this series of three programmes will be on Monday week.

This overlapped only slightly with a BBC experiment of a different kind – a sort of documentary called *A Sort of Welcome to Spring*. This did what it set out to do, playing affectionately with the familiar vernal phenomena – crocuses, wet streets, toy boats and swans, babies and old men taking the sun, a child skipping along Sun Street – through beautiful camera-work by Bill Greenhalgh and a rhyming script by John Ormond. Apt as the words were, I did not feel that they were strictly necessary to the total effect: they were sometimes too clever ('The silent forms unravelling to sing Relentless multiplicities of spring') or too whimsy (in a children's playground – 'Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, Bless the seat that I slide on'). Something so soft on the surface needs a harder centre.

TOM DRIBERG

Dancers at School

THOUSANDS and thousands of little girls all over Britain go to a ballet class every week. From this vast number of enthusiasts, who work so hard at learning to point their toes and turn out their knees, a few manage to enter the two Royal Ballet schools, which comprise about 300 children. Here dancers from ten upwards get their general education as well as a training for ballet. All the time, during the years of preparation, the teachers are assessing each child's potentialities as a dancer, and he or she may well be found unfit before reaching the upper school. There the future is still uncertain, and the final glory of getting into the Royal Ballet Company is achieved by about 20 students each year.

This system of training a child for a specialised dancing career is similar to that which the Russians have used for 200 years. Unlike the Russian school, ours in England is not state-supported. To gain money, and also to show off their pupils, the schools periodically give a performance at Covent Garden, and the connoisseurs attend in the expectation of picking out the future winners, before they gain common approval. This glorified end-of-term show is ambitious, and

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KHRUSHCHEV

HIS ROAD TO POWER

The Hidden Story

by

George Paloczi-Horvath

When Stalin died, Nikita Khrushchev was one of half a dozen top-rank Soviet leaders. Now he holds supreme power in the Kremlin, alone and unchallenged. How was it done? By political skill and ruthlessness Khrushchev eliminated all potential rivals from Beria to Zhukov. The inner story of Communist power-politics whereby he raised himself to the solitary pinnacle — a vital, startling story, very different from other published accounts — is told in this penetrating biography of the Soviet leader which begins on Sunday exclusively in the

SUNDAY TIMES

last Saturday the whole of *Le Lac des Cygnes* was produced, using 120 students. Four main parts, which would have been beyond the range of the best pupils, were given to young members of the regular company who had been through the school training.

It was interesting to see how well these teenagers did. The *corps de ballet* lines were certainly not quite as neat as those of their elders and betters, though they were pretty good. Neither had the young dancers enough stage repose; they fidgeted a bit. But there was a wonderfully comfortable cheerfulness in their behaviour. They were still safe, not yet out in the big world, and having to worry about ambitions, money and keeping jobs. So they were able to be simultaneously a bit silly, friendly, and intelligently earnest.

It appeared to me that as performers the boys were better than the girls: there was more bravura to their dancing. The girls, when doing solos, wanted attack and also finesse. But with students it must always be remembered how much greater are the difficulties for the female, owing to the problem of dancing *en pointe*. Unfortunately I saw no outstanding talent, though Karl Werlander and Vivian Dodds aroused my immediate sympathy as performers.

The success of the afternoon was Bryan Lawrence from the professional company. His acting as Prince Siegfried was of small interest, but his dancing had a fascinating kind of calm abandon. It was in no way uncontrolled, but there was enormous freedom within each movement. Although his loves, Odette and Odile, seemed more mature, the two dancers playing these parts might have done better to have swopped. Georgina Parkinson is not tragic or poetic enough for the Swan Princess; while Shirley Grahame, dancing lyrically, missed all the vicious qualities with which any self-respecting magician's daughter should be imbued.

A very different kind of youthful enterprise was shown in *Ballet Venture 1960*, which opened at the Pembroke Theatre, Croydon, last week. This small group specialises in jazzy, melodramatic, coffee bar sort of ballet. I hope that the young things of South London have realised this in time and gone to enjoy it.

ANNABEL FARJEON

The Thriller-Plus

THE thriller that aims at something more is a phenomenon met with in notable forms: sin and guilt are fetched up by Graham Greene, and Mr Michael Innes gilds the whodunit with dialogue nearer to Compton-Burnett; only Simenon resolves the claims of pace, character, atmosphere, and reality. Louis Malle's first film, *Lift to the Scaffold*, at the love in enormous close-up mouths and murmurs as a prelude to the titles and the action, Cameo-Poly, is a thriller-plus; in his case which takes the shape of a 'just' murder by a man shooting his munition-king boss. This he does when the office is closing up on a Saturday; everything seems to have been nicely planned – his brief jaunt over the balconies, the pressing of the revolver into the inert hand, the return to his own room, and the last-out routine. But then when he's settling in his car he remembers the grappling rope that had made the whole manœuvre possible, still hung to a high rail. He must go back. When he is in the lift, the porter switches off and goes. So trapped, he begins unscrewing the plates of his prison, while his woman wanders from bar to bar through the thunderstorm that must inevitably salute such calamities.

I don't propose to give away more plot – after all it *is* a thriller – except to remark the ingenuity with which this just killing leads, by means of the car and gun stolen, to senseless slaughter by a youth enjoying a spree with his florist girl. The two crimes, the two generations and worlds, are firmly linked, and in a beautiful ending a roll of film developed brings them together with startling effect. Certainly this thriller adventures quite a bit more than the ordinary.

But also it suffers from presumption, especially in the intimate beginning and in the figure of the woman (Jeanne Moreau) whose wanderings and spoken thoughts verge on absurdity; such means should draw us into their private lives, but here we stand empty by. Also the mechanics aren't faultless. Why did it take him so long to discover the lift's trap-door? How should a shop-girl in her teens possess some rare drug, three tablets of which are an overdose causing not death but a sick head? And why is the crowd-haunted motel of the second killing deserted when the end needs it? However, for a thriller-plus this one registers far more gains than losses, not least in the camera-work of Henri Decae over arterial roads and into the night of interrogation; you may remember his hand in *Les Quatre Cent Coups*.

Thriller plain comes up grinning with Edward G. Robinson and Rod Steiger in *Seven Thieves* at the Odeon, where the perfect crime is the theft of four million francs (new style, presumably) from the Casino at Monte Carlo. The operation in itself is suave and exciting, and for its sake one must put up with the slow beginning and impossibly sentimental end. I still feel that Edward G. Robinson, however dead, might have resented the kiss of Rod Steiger.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

ITV *Wednesday March 30 at 10.05*

THE SHADOW OF IGNORANCE

Venereal diseases are increasing in Britain. Last year over 100,000 new cases were *actually reported*. Is ignorance mainly to blame?
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GRANADA TV NETWORK

Show Business

THE latest entertainment gimmick is the satiric musical. This is not, as you might think, a satire with music. It is, instead, something more inbred: a musical satire on a musical. *The Boy Friend* started the craze, now *Follow That Girl* (Vaudeville) and *The Dancing Heiress* (Lyric, Hammersmith) try to cash in on the same taste.

But as with *The Boy Friend*, I can't believe that either of the two new offerings are quite as coolly ironic as they purport to be. Did Julian Slade *really* settle down to satirise Victoriana and Ivor Novelloism? Did Murray Grand *really* train his sights on Cole Porter and the Thirties film extravaganzas? I wonder. It seems far more likely that they solemnly sat down to write the liveliest musical comedies they could and then saw that the results were hopelessly unoriginal – like the modern author who wrote a five-act tragedy in the sweat of his brow and then discovered it was *Hamlet*. Rather than throw their work and start again, they called the results satires.

No doubt *Follow That Girl* does have a certain doddering charm, like that of an undergraduate dandy. But it is spread perilously thin. Despite the speed and precision of Denis Carey's direction, the show is slow to the point of paralysis; each number is two or three verses too long and the plot is so tenuous that the characters themselves seem hard put to remember it. In fact, two of the

best things of the evening were not even remotely connected with the action; they were separate revue sketches – songs by three Victorian mermaids and four London Transport officials. The other saving grace was Patricia Routledge, whose two chances – a splendid Victorian duet with James Cairncross and some brilliant clowning in a self-service haberdashery – added a wit that the rest of the show painfully lacked. The heroine, Susan Hampshire, looked pleasantly debby but had no voice at all.

Jill Ireland, *The Dancing Heroine*, was equally easy to look at and had the added advantage of singing wittily. But again the Other Woman, Millicent Martin, stole the show; she never really got a chance to open up with her full appeal, but did what she could as a Brooklyn glamour girl.

A. ALVAREZ

Chelsea Brass

SEVENTEEN years after Schoenberg completed his Theme and Variations for Wind Band, the work has now been given its first English performance, by the Wind Music Society under Brian Fairfax at the Chelsea Town Hall. The fact that the work was first heard here in the later version for full orchestra shows how right Schoenberg was in refusing to leave the work in sole charge of wind-band organisations. But this was his only doubt about the piece. In the magnificent volume of his correspondence (still only available in the German edition, from Schott's of London), there is a remarkable letter to Fritz Reiner about the Variations. But the reader should be wary when Schoenberg remarks, 'Yes, it is not one of my major works; anyone can see that, for it is not a composition with twelve tones'. In the context of Schoenberg's own development, this is perfectly true and perfectly understandable. But for the listener, it *is* a major work, and Schoenberg was well aware of it: 'I think . . . that from the technical point of view it is a masterpiece, and I believe that it is also original, and I know that it is also inspired.' 'I think' (*ich denke*) 'I believe' (*ich glaube*) 'I know' (*ich weiss*) – the sequence of those verbs and the sentiments they govern tell us much. For Schoenberg, inspiration was something 'given' rather than something 'achieved' – the achievement comes later. Thus it is possible for him to speak of the inspiration of his work with categorical certainty, and yet without arrogance.

Some thought should be given to the question of the originality of the Band Variations, since it is almost mandatory in the critical world (from Stravinsky's Conversations downwards) to describe the work as 'school of Reger' – a bad school, we are told, for the Headmaster never obtained his certificate from the Ministry of Inspiration, and the pupils invariably turn up in disreputable places. But this is poor criticism. Reger is by no means to be despised as a composer, and the Band Variations have nothing in common with his music apart from a contrapuntal texture and a Central-European style.

The scale of the Band Variations is deceptive. Although lasting only about twelve minutes, it is a work of full stature. The whole man is there, in his forcefulness as in his delicacy, in his deep thoughtfulness as in his high theatricality. (How finely dramatic are the conclusions and contrasts achieved in each of the transitions from one variation to the next!) Throughout the work, the melody,

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the textures, the rhythm – large and small – are as characteristically Schoenbergian as in any of those pieces which the composer himself would have described as 'major'. To place this complex piece in a programme containing four other new works, as Mr Fairfax did (even though he cancelled one work at the last moment) would be foolhardiness for the most experienced conductor and players. The 'brave try' is too easily praised, and young players are too easily accused of inexperience when what they lack most is prolonged and adequate rehearsal. It is one thing to run an *ad hoc* orchestra for the purpose of reading through works in private – and quite another to present a concert before a paying public. The invaluable but little-publicised activities of London's rehearsal orchestras deserve every encouragement except the one of confusing their function with a concert orchestra's.

There is nothing to be said about the performance of the Schoenberg Variations, since it was not in any real sense a performance at all. The concert was, however, graced with some excellent singing by Dorothy Dorow in some songs by Murray Schaefer, and a first-rate performance of the solo part in Kurt Weill's Violin Concerto, by Steven Staryk. The Concerto, written in 1924, is less efficient and more felt than much of early Hindemith (which it resembles only very superficially) and is a valuable footnote to Weill's Expressionist operas of the time. Mr Staryk had to contend with a catch-as-catch-can performance of the accompaniment, in which, amongst other things, the important xylophone part was given to the piano (without apology to the audience) and was played throughout in the wrong octave.

DAVID DREW

ENCOUNTER

The April issue, just out, includes

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* * * * * * *

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ENCOUNTER 25 HAYMARKET LONDON SW1

Correspondence

SENTENCED TO MARRIAGE

SIR, – While I hold no brief at the present time either for Christian ethics or for scientific humanism (whatever this latter may be), the views expressed by F. H. Amphlett Micklewright on behalf of scientific humanism and in connection with Mr Barnes's statement on the Christian view of marriage seem to me to leave certain questions unanswered. Scientific humanism, Micklewright informs us, 'takes up a scientific attitude of empiricism towards moral questions,' and in turn 'following the lessons of psychology and social anthropology, points out that there is no such thing [ie 'the universal ethic relevant to every age and situation' which appears to underlie Barnes's position] and that a given society frames its relative moral judgments in the light of social and economic pressures. Later on, Mr Micklewright points out that in fact the Christian morality rests on a set of dogmatic principles that are receiving less and less acceptance among the educated. The implication, I suspect, is that they are becoming less and less in accord with 'social and economic pressures' and should accordingly fade away as rapidly as possible. Finally, Mr Micklewright points out that Christian ethics certainly 'have no right to be put forward as the highest ideal for mankind;' that in fact these ideals fell quite a bit below a certain standard of Roman paganism at a certain moment in history on certain questions.

These last points may or may not be true, but they seem to assume the validity of certain premises. My concern is with the validity of the premises of scientific humanism upon which Micklewright rests his case. Perhaps he would reflect on at least these preliminary questions. Initially, can scientific humanism, or science as such, tell us anything at all about the presence or absence of a 'universal ethic relevant to every age and situation'? Science can tell us little more than that man at one time or another has raised standard 'X' or standard 'Y'. It can point out that these standards have differed. It can point out certain inconsistencies within the standards. But, insofar as it remains scientific and operates within the limits outlined for it by a philosophic investigation of its own competence, it can do no more than this. Something beyond science is needed if we are to explore the basic question of the possibility of a standard that transcends, in a real sense, time and space.

What particularly intrigues me, however, is Micklewright's statement that the pagan standards were in some points 'higher' than those prescribed by the Christian ethic. To say something is 'higher' seems to imply a standard, and I would suggest that the standard here in question is not simply the result of 'economic and social pressures' peculiar to a particular time and place. Mr Micklewright seems to pronounce judgment on such matters as slavery and the emancipation of women in Rome, and his standard seems to be something beyond that stimulated by the 'social and economic pressures' present in Roman society. If Mr Micklewright wishes to be consistent, perhaps it would be wise to abstain from the use of 'higher' and 'lower' pending a fuller investigation of the implications of his own relativistic ethic.

Beyond this, however, Micklewright seems to extol the humanist's concern for 'mercy and justice' in this world, but if we accept his criterion, then these virtues are in turn no more than the result of 'social and economic pressures'. Unless Mr Micklewright wishes to suggest that these attributes, mercy and justice, are common to man as man (and thus get very close to the universal standard he dismissed earlier), then mercy and justice must have as provisional a status as lack of mercy and injustice. At best, if we accept Micklewright at his face value, they are no more than a passing phase, the result of pressures which may in the future dictate something quite different – and may even be dictating something quite different at present.

At any event, to speak of higher and lower is almost nonsense within Micklewright's position unless one assumes a good many other things, not the least of which is an idea of necessary progress and a unity of judgment as to what is dictated by the 'social and economic pressures' of a particular age.

Perhaps Mr Micklewright would consent to explore these and related questions so that those who question the capacity of 'scientific humanism' to pronounce the final word on such problems might be permitted to examine the necessary philosophic underpinnings of his position.

JAMES E. HOLTON

23 Sussex Mansions
Old Brompton Road, SW5

SIR, – Those who believe that marriage is 'a holy estate ordained by God' (I quote Mr Barnes's letter) have, of course, a perfect right to do so. But it is utterly damnable that such persons should seek, through the secular laws of the land, to prevent my wife (who does not share the above belief) from obtaining dissolution of her legal contract to me (who also do not share it), should she so desire, particularly in view of the fact that the said contract has never been 'authorised' or 'blessed' (whatever that may mean) by any church.

W. AULD

Knockfarril
Thornside Road
Johnstone
Renfrewshire

PAYING FOR THE RAILWAYS

SIR, – With Harold Wilson's analysis of the finances of the British Transport Commission in your issue of 5 March few will quarrel, but many may not accept his rent charge proposal as a satisfactory means of meeting the situation.

Assuming that the Commission must operate within the competitive transport system which at Tory instigation has replaced the integrated system towards which we were advancing under the Transport Act 1947, any reconstruction must fulfil two basic conditions. First, the Commission must know where it stands financially; it must be set a realisable target within its ability to reach. Otherwise the morale of the staff and its efficiency will be impaired. Secondly, its capital obligations must bear some relation to realisable earnings so that within the competitive economy in which it operates its charges can be related to costs.

The rent charge fails to meet the first because it is to be determined every three years; thereby the Commission will be kept in a continuous state of uncertainty. Indeed because it has all the disadvantages of an open-ended subsidy. The Commission might well consider that if it does well its rent would be increased and if badly it would be reduced anyway. Incentive to efficiency would be that much the less. Determination of rent for three years ahead would cause continuing friction between the Treasury and the Commission, especially as the bases suggested by Mr Wilson contain such imponderables as changes in costs of supplies, levels of industrial activity and the current level of road competition. Who can possibly predict these with any degree of accuracy triennally for the following three years?

I suggest the position might be better met if the Commission's capital liability were reduced to a manageable level, that is if the interest charges were brought within its ability to pay by a once-for-all capital reconstruction. This might be achieved by the government's assuming responsibility for the Commission's borrowings for modernisation dating from the commencement of the programme. That would leave the Commission with the interest on the compensation stock of some £40m a year only. This at least sets a target and removes the disadvantages of an open-ended subsidy. It should ultimately be attainable when results from modernisation are realised, provided the Commission is left free

from political interference and is relieved from other handicaps to commercial operation, including restriction on the fixing of charges.

Admittedly, this is very much an academic exercise because, with a loss of at least £100m likely this year following Guillebaud, it is difficult to see if and when British Railways can again achieve a working surplus. However, before Guillebaud, the Commission estimated one of from £50m to £100m by 1963, and Mr Wilson suggests no rent be payable before then. Meanwhile there is no alternative to the government's meeting the Commission's deficits accumulated to date and relieving them of all interest charges upon them. Similarly, losses up to 1964 must be met. But to avoid the disadvantage of meeting them with an open-ended subsidy, an attempt might be made to determine a total figure and to limit the amount accordingly. Thereby, until a working surplus can be earned, the subsidy would be limited; and for this there is a precedent in the case of civil aviation.

ERNEST DAVIES

6F Observatory Gardens
W8

LEFT HOLDING THE DETERRENT

SIR, – Mr Zilliacus may be right in his criticism of Messrs Shinwell, Crossman and Wigg in that they do not offer any alternative policy to unilateral nuclear disarmament. But neither does Mr Zilliacus, who claims to speak for the 'Left'. In so far as he discloses in his letter to you last week any defence policy at all, it is a pacifist one of total unilateral disarmament. Perhaps he has been overcome by Krushchev's 'complete disarmament in four years' pronouncement.

If Mr Zilliacus was a pacifist, one could understand his point of view, even if one disagreed with it, but it seems to me he takes a lot for granted when he says that Communism is only a social challenge. What a pity we have not got world government, otherwise it would be interesting to hear Mr Zilliacus making a spirited challenge to the retention by the Soviet of probably the most efficient nuclear striking force, the largest submarine force and one of the most powerful conventional armies in the world.

F. J. BELLENGER

House of Commons

THE GERMANS AGAIN

SIR, – What sort of illusions are we nurturing about West Germany? Visit the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia, approach the West German stand, and you will receive a brochure which has nothing to do with houses at all, but has much to do with the peace of Europe. Entitled *Do You Know Germany?*, its main purpose is to correct any wrong impression in the minds of the English people that the Germans are going to stay behind the frontiers that were established as the result of six years of war. The brochure has a large map, with the word Germany spelt out in a great sprawl running from the present frontiers on the west to the borders of the USSR on the east. This is achieved by presenting the territory known as East Prussia and Polish Pomerania as being under Polish administration and what they describe as the 'So-Called' German Democratic Republic under Soviet occupation. The text says that the German national territories have been divided into three parts and the 'final decision regarding this matter is still open.'

As a picture this throws a great deal of light on the recent anti-Semitic outbursts in West Germany and the efforts to re-create the German-Franco alliance with military bases in Spain. It makes nonsense of our government's plea that Germany is an ally of Britain controlled by Nato. If Germany is controlled by Nato, why does it not accept the Oder-Neisse line? The question arises in fact: who will indeed control Nato when the new Bundeswehr is fully formed, and what then will be the prospect for the relaxation of tension in Europe and the solution of the admittedly difficult problem of German reunification?

Something must be done, I suggest, to stop history repeating itself. The people of this country will have to exercise a much greater vigilance over the government of Mr Macmillan, than they did over that of Mr Chamberlain. Otherwise we may be committed again to another war for the realisation of a new German Reich. The West German government must be told to withdraw this offensive brochure and never again be permitted to distribute such documents in this country. There must be the greatest insistence that our British government refuse any such facilities for war propaganda.

MARGARET CLARKE

5b Vanbrugh Terrace
SE3

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN

SIR, – I am surprised to see the old complaint against the National Anthem revived by Mr Malcolm Muggeridge in your issue of 18 March. I hold no brief for the words, although the third and sixth lines, which are the only ones which seem to make much sense, are, I suppose, unexceptionable. Even the first verse is not sung very frequently, and the second and third even more rarely. They were probably topical words at the time of the Hanoverian succession and the Jacobite rebellions.

But the tune is the real National Anthem, and in that we have the finest National Anthem

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Quick Look at a Profile

A PROFILE is . . . what? An outline. That side-on view of a face that can reveal so much: the weak chin, the determined mouth, the insolent eyebrow, the insecure Adam's apple. It is a sound instinct that applies the word to a newspaper article that is a portrait in words—a revealing view of someone worth knowing (or at any rate worth knowing *about*). For many people in this country a profile in this sense means an Observer Profile.

These Observer Profiles are now famous. There is one almost every Sunday, with only an occasional break. And, when those rare breaks occur, there are disappointed readers everywhere . . . To meet a celebrity via a Profile can have advantages even over meeting him face to face: it is less risky, perhaps more amusing, almost certainly more informative.

The Observer started this remarkable series back in the mid-war years, in 1942, when newsprint was so scarce and crowded that no feature rated more than a half-column with a one-line head. It was one of the innovations of the issue of March that year which announced the retirement (after 34 years as editor) of the fabulous J. L. Garvin. The Profile, therefore, is a post-Garvin phenomenon, a signpost of the latterday Observer.

Very early the characteristic variety and acuteness made their appearance. A biting picture of the discredited Pierre Laval followed a friendly assessment of Archbishop Temple. Amongst other early subjects were Gandhi, Molotov, 'Lord Louis' Mountbatten.

Who are latest in this ever-lengthening portrait-gallery? This year they have been as varied and revealing as ever they were. Balenciaga (*"He never sees a customer except by accident"*). Ernest Marples (*"Some think him intolerably cocky . . . He is the kind of Chinese cracker every party needs"*). Tony Hancock (*"An anxious individual, with a brilliant suit of armour"*).

Who will *The Observer* 'profile' next Sunday? You may well be asking.

J.B.L.

in the world. It is a gem in musical form – whoever composed it. The proof of this is in the large number of nations who have taken it over, or tried to equal it. In the first category we have the US – *My Country, 'tis of Thee* – or perhaps less poetically, *God Save America;* and in Germany, *Heil dir im Siegerkranz*. There are many other nations who have copied it. At school we used to be told that the Siamese National Anthem was also sung to this tune with the words *O Wa Ta Na Siam*. That was in 1915 and was apocryphal even then, no doubt.

In the second category, it is only necessary to mention the old Austrian National Anthem composed by Haydn. This is the tune known as *Austria* in most hymn books and is, by common consent, a masterpiece. Haydn was specially commissioned to write this, because said the Chancellor: 'I considered him alone capable of writing anything approaching the English *God Save the King*. Beethoven is said to have had a great admiration for the tune; and he harmonized it, as we have heard in recent correspondence in *The Times*. He also wrote variations on it, and wrote in his diary while doing so: 'I must show the English what a blessing they have in *God Save the King*.' Brahms also incorporated it in his *Triumphalie*.

If Mr Muggeridge can write better words – and get them adopted – good luck to him; but let him not try to change the music.

E. C. S. ADKINS

White Rocks
Underriver
Sevenoaks
Kent

STUDENT STRECKER

SIR, – Thank you very much for taking up my case and our cause – fighting for our kind of democracy. I feel I ought to correct a few minor mistakes.

(1) I am not a research-worker and employee, I am just a normal student in a special linguistic field of research.

(2) Not the Bonn, but the Berlin, authorities have written confidential letters to the universities of West Berlin, etc.

(3) They have not tried to engineer my dismissal, but they have put up slanderous accusations – enough for my ex-matriculation as far as I know.

R.-M. STRECKER

Berlin-Steglitz

POUND'S 'CANTOS'

SIR, – It is hard to imagine a more stupefyingly useless review than Mr Donald Hall's peripheral comments on Ezra Pound's Cantos. My irritation is probably due to my agreeing with Mr Hall's general position on modern literature, but intensely disliking the snootiness of his self-approbation and his inability to say anything in the least helpful.

We knew about Pound's unique achievement in the past. The question is whether the Cantos – and in particular the later ones – are great poetry, something very close to megalomaniac rubbish, or something in between. Mr Hall believes that they are great poetry; but I can find nowhere in his three columns any serious attempt to tell us why.

May I ask Mr Hall a few questions? Does he believe that Mr Graves and Mr Blackmur are victims of the 'Georgian mood'? If not how does he explain their severe strictures on the Cantos? Can he understand Chinese; and, whether he can or not, does he believe that the understanding of an English poem should depend on the answer to this question? Is he interested in Chinese economics? Does he think it reasonable or insane to believe that the *fundamental* evil of modern western society is the taking of interest on loans?

PHILIP TOYNBEE

Lindsey
Suffolk

DRAYNEFLETE ON CAM

SIR, – Can I cross a few wires in this very promising correspondence? When Dr Banham uses 'old hat', 'old fashioned' and 'off the kick' he is really, by loading his words, giving value judgments of a particularly insidious and hence effective sort. Either art history makes value judgments all the time and is frank about it, or it is merely a computing device which says A was built before B in style C.

In fact, isn't it time we stopped teetering about on the diving board over aesthetics? The continual refusal of critics and historians to commit themselves is going to prevent us ever being able to guess whether beauty is in the eye of the beholder, for lack of evidence. I think that an objective standard of aesthetic judgment may be reached by a harmonisation of everyone's *honest* divergent judgment – in the same way that a set of apparently unrelated tangents may define precisely the centre of a circle. Nobody knows the whole truth, everybody knows a little of it.

I also think that the standard is going to have a great deal to do with Carlyle's inspired remark about Chelsea Hospital having been designed by a gentleman; in other words, it will relate to the person who is self-consistent, has ability and knows its extent; from each according to his means, if you like: the Windsor chair from the Buckinghamshire craftsman and the Magic Flute from Mozart.

By this criterion – to get back to Cambridge – Wilkins and Basevi built cleverly but shallowly, from reaction to fashion, but C. R. Cockerell built from essence. He felt Roman, he thought Roman and he built Roman – not as a style, but as a way of life – and nowhere more nobly than in the Cambridge library. Whether this seemed to the early 19th century to be old hat, new hat, or middle-aged hat is utterly irrelevant: fashion will always date and essence will always be topical. Dr Banham demonstrated this exactly a couple of weeks ago in dismissing the fashion of Art Nouveau whilst appreciating the essence of C. R. Mackintosh.

One last thing: there should never be any question of a building being 'preferred by everybody except *engagé* classicists'. That is the old fatal fallacy of us and them and it leads straight to aesthetic dictatorship.

IAN NAIRN

London
SW1

SIR, – For goodness sake let us not ignore the main point of this discussion, which no one has openly challenged so far – that the Royal Commission has composed an inadequate and inadequately illustrated inventory of Cambridge which is also inadequate as history. I should myself go further and say that there's something absurd and self-frustrating in a work, where the photos are designed to attract the general reader, most of the text to repel him.

I don't understand Mr Banham's objections to me. Oxford and Cambridge educate the governing classes of this country, and as such are the metropolitan universities. This is true, however strenuously the Fellows of King's, Cambridge, may at present ape the ignorance of provincial *poseurs*. In the earlier 17th century, taste in Oxford was no more of the backwoods than taste in London. Compare St John's, Oxford, and the York Water Gate; St Mary's Porch and St Katherine Cree. In his cockahoop way, Mr Banham implies that the woodwork in King's is 'pretty bad' . . . Mr Summerson calls this woodwork the most splendid architectural monument of its period, while Francis Bond was loud in its praises. I am proud to defer to the taste of such authorities. If Mr Banham really prefers Wilkins to Basevi or Cockerell, if he really finds Cockerell dull, I shall not be so rude as to call him, in his own words, 'a complete idiot'. But I fear I shall have to consider him an inveterate provincial.

HUGH PLOMMER

Museum of Classical Archaeology
Cambridge

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Moral Grandeur of Einstein

GOOD, gentle and wise. Some bright journalist threw off that description of Einstein, and G. H. Hardy asked me if anyone could have found three adjectives more exact. And in fact within the human limits they were true. Yet, as I told Hardy, I should have liked, not to replace any of them, but add another. The trouble was to find it, without distorting the impression I wanted to give – 'obstinate' was both too weak and too carping, 'counter-suggestible' was faintly grotesque, 'independent' did not say anything like enough, 'deliberately impersonal' was a half-truth. Nevertheless, there was something in Einstein that I couldn't describe but was stuttering towards: I felt it then, twenty odd years ago, and again when I read these admirable paperbacks* which contain a kind of symposium on Einstein's work by twenty-five physicists and philosophers, some 'autobiographical notes' by Einstein himself, and a reply to his critics.

Yes, he had his critics. I suppose to non-scientists his career leaves a vague impression of supreme, unanswerable, monolithic achievement. That is just, insofar as by the time he was 38 he had done enough to establish himself as the first theoretician of the age. In fact, he was almost that by 1905, the wonderful year of his life, when at the age of 26 he produced classical works on three totally distinct subjects (the special theory of relativity, the quantum theory of the photoelectric effect, the Brownian movement). Since Newton, perhaps, no-one had shown a deeper physical insight. Incidentally, his insight which was exceptionally deep, steady, and concentrated, was physical, not mathematical. That was his supreme strength. He was a man round whom legends collected, and the legend of his wondrous skill at mathematics was one of the most misleading. Plenty of his theoretician contemporaries, who hadn't a tenth of his physical insight, were more powerful mathematicians than Einstein. In 1917, when he had published the general theory of relativity, he still had half of his life to live. It is here that his scientific critics come in. They would say, and have said, that as a scientist he mis-spent that second half. It wasn't that he gave up science: he didn't, like Newton, become Master of the Mint and attempt to extract revelations from the Bible by means of highly organised concordances. No, Einstein continued to work hard at his physics until the end, astonishingly hard when one thinks of the responsibilities, dramas and conflicts which were forced on him in the Thirties and afterwards, not only as the most eminent Jew alive, but also as the voice of liberal science. The curious thing was, he worked in complete disagreement with almost all of his contemporaries of even faintly comparable gifts. Over essentials, all the rest, Bohr, Heisenberg, Dirac, Pauli, Born, Heitler, 30 others, were remarkably at one. For Einstein in his gentle impenetrability, that meant they were all out of step.

The difference was about a fundamental issue, nothing less than the way in which the physical world should ultimately be described. To everyone else the answer lay in the statistical quantum theory: to Einstein, in a unified field theory. The intellectual arguments on both sides were subtle and beautiful, and Niels Bohr expressed his view with a patience, a sweetness and a magnanimity that ought to be a model for anyone engaged in controversy. Yet the gap between these two great men got wider. The quantum theoreticians were sure that there was no answer but theirs, that epistemology had no other meaning. Einstein remained as unshakable as Spinoza, whom in many ways he resembled. Maddeningly, on the plane of intellect, these arguments can't easily be communicated to those who don't know some physics. On the plane of emotion, I can perhaps suggest the effect of Einstein's one-man counter-revolution by an analogy. It is rather as though Picasso, in 1920, at the height of his powers, had announced that representational painting alone could be made to contain the visual truth, and had proceeded single-handed to practise it for thirty years.

Most people competent to judge would now, I think, feel that Einstein was wrong. But if he was wrong, it was out of the same nature that I was trying earlier to define, the nature which gave him his total originality, which produced the theory of relativity, which made him the least petty of mankind, and which also prevented him from owning a dress-suit.

He was, it has sometimes seemed to me, the aboriginal Protestant. He was born in a Jewish middle-class home in Germany, but it was an irreligious Jewish home. He had a profound piety for Judaism in later life, but although he talked a good deal of God, it was something like Spinoza's God he meant, the God of a man of cosmic religious feeling but without belief. He answered only, and as exclusively as any man has ever done, to his own conscience, or better, to his own moral nature. That moral nature imposed upon him a sense of human brotherhood, for which he struggled all his life, in the course of it suffering much: but it did not impose upon him the ties and loyalties of convention, which hem the rest of us in.

So far as he ever felt at home at all, it was probably in happy-go-lucky society in Central Europe, before the first war. But I am sure he never knew the pressure to belong to any group. Neither the USSR nor the USA could ever bring themselves to understand this. Some of my American friends, who recognise his moral grandeur, decided that he was politically naive. Again, I don't believe it. I believe he knew quite as much about politics as he needed for his purposes and hopes. And, though he died with a dark vision of the world's future, it may be that those purposes and hopes are not too far away from what will really happen.

For all his unpretentiousness and lack of humbug, he was a man whom no-one seems to have known well. To a large extent he deliberately tried to cut out of his character the frets and details of egotism. As he said in his autobiographical notes, which must be the least personal ever written:

> Even when I was a fairly precocious young man the nothingness of the hopes and strivings which chase most men restlessly through life, came to my conscience with considerable vitality.

For him, science was an escape from the 'merely personal'.

I had only one prolonged conversation with him, but I came away with three strong impressions. It was an extremely hot June day in 1937, and I arrived at his house on Long Island just after lunch. Einstein was dressed in a pair of white shorts and nothing else at all. He had far more muscle than I expected; he was running to fat round the middle, his upper arms were hamming, but it was a very powerful body. He was amiably and impersonally cordial, and we talked for a good many hours. There seemed no set times for meals. Trays of open sandwiches – various kinds of wurst, cheese, cucumber – came in every now and then. We drank nothing but soda water. What with the heat and the sandwiches I got very thirsty and put away as many bottles as I reasonably could. It was nine o'clock before I set off to New York.

All the time Einstein had been talking – not in monologues but in answer to my questions. How could a man living in our time stay a pacifist, Einstein, who had been one until the Third Reich, asked with almost reproachful sadness. Was Hardy still a pacifist? I said, as near as made no matter. 'I do not understand how so fine a man can be so unrealistic,' he said. We talked a lot about politics and what the democracies were likely to do and what their choices were. We talked about his electing to live in the US rather than in England. Apparently he had once stayed in an English house where everyone dressed for dinner. 'Yours is a splendid life, but it is not for me,' he said, in the tone of one who has had a narrow shave. We talked about the creative existence. It was a view of his that the best creative work is almost never done when one is unhappy. The only exception he could think of was Bohr, who had produced his famous paper on the hydrogen spectrum when in deep misery. What about Tolstoy writing *Anna Karenina*, I suggested. He was prepared to consider that, but his great head shook gently to and fro: 'No, to understand the world one must not be worrying about oneself.'

I came away, as I said, with three strong

**Albert Einstein, Philosopher-Scientist.* Ed. PAUL ARTHUR SCHILPP. *Hamish Hamilton: Harper.* 2 vols, 30s.

impressions. The first was, that I had never met a man who lived so close to moral experience. However carefree he had been in his youth, now everything he said seemed to be judged by his moral nature. The second impression was that he was no one's fool about politics, both on the world scale and on the scale of what he could do himself. And the third was that, of the men I had met, this one, so gentle, so good, so wise, would be – in any sense I could imagine, intellectual, emotional, spiritual – incomparably the hardest to budge.

C. P. SNOW

REASSESSMENT

Leavis's Truth of Resistance

By WILLIAM WALSH

(William Walsh is Professor of Education at the University of Leeds)

In the conversation of the early Thirties, against the well-bred accents of the Marxist public schoolboys and the chitter of languid intellectuals, another voice, sharp and unaccommodating, began to make itself heard. What that voice had to say on literature we've all become familiar with. *Scrutiny* has modified the sensibility of an age. It isn't possible now to see the literature of the present or the past with a mind unaffected by the *Scrutiny* influence, or rather by the influence of Leavis, the one genius of the group. But at this point of time it is also clear that the group which began *Scrutiny* also composed a truly original, distinctively English school of sociological and educational research. When one considers the current state of these subjects, the dull drone of one, the spinsterish twitter of the other, one realises that the failure of this school to secure powerful university backing was one of the academic tragedies of the century. But it didn't. Oxford may absentmindedly lose causes; Cambridge icily ignores them. If only these universities, with their unmatched prestige and influence, could show in the arts what they display in the sciences, some capacity to recognise genuine, living originality – recognise it and make it accessible as a source of life!

It seems important to insist on this. Anyone not living in 'a coherent, self-explanatory society' must have some ground from which to offer his objections to his context, some base from which to carry on his altercation with things as they are. Many – probably most – in these circumstances have taken their stand on religion or on politics. To organise a life round the state of the soul or of society is a rational, satisfying and responsible employment of human energy. But in a society like ours, both secular and deficient in social passion, it is hard to believe that religion and politics exhaust the possibilities of a living relationship with a source of life and order. That at this particular point of time they do not is one of the impulses which directed Leavis's critical work into education. And, one must add, if you don't believe in Marxism and you don't like the present state of affairs, then you must believe in education.

It was, then, very much in keeping with Leavis's controlling assumptions and with the bent of his talent for him to have made – early in his career, within a year of the publication of *New Bearings in English Poetry*, the first decisive mapping of modern poetry – an expressly educational application of his critical practice. This was in *Culture and Environment*, a small, unpretentious volume, written in collaboration with a schoolmaster friend, Denys Thompson, who tells me that his part was to advise on school conditions and possibilities. (His view is that in conception and method the book is essentially Leavis's.) It was designed principally for school use, as a text-book for sixth forms, and it consists of a series of exercises and examples organised under such heads as Mass Production, Advertising, Levelling-Down, The Supply of Reading Matter, Fiction and the National Life, Progress and the Standard of Living, The Use of Leisure, The Organic Community, Tradition, Substitute Living, Education. It doesn't perhaps sound very exciting, but the plain fact is that this modest little book has become an educational classic. It is a modern *Culture and Anarchy*, spare and trim, smaller in scale, more intimate in tone: a text-book instead of a discourse. There is no touch of Arnold's grand manner in it, but it has a similar sense for contemporary fact and a comparable sureness of grasp of standards. Like *Culture and Anarchy* it gets its strength from turning on current conditions a mind trained in literary analysis, which means a mind with a fine touch on what is actually there before one *and* a thorough understanding of relevant criteria; and it gets its influence from the clarity with which it shows how to use a supple and productive method of social analysis.

Criticism, as Leavis conducts it, is the relevant, delicately attentive analysis of a complete response to literature; it is a commentary upon the act by which one enters into as full as possible a possession of the experience given in the words. When sensibility is made articulate there will be found in it elements of judgment and discrimination. But they are explicit in the account only because they are implicit in the response. They are distilled by the experience itself, not items carted in from outside. The method of *Culture and Environment* is the prolongation of this activity into the business of daily life. *Culture and Environment* shows a mind skilled and scrupulous in the critic's art interrogating its experience in the face of contemporary conditions, and finding there grounds for particular judgments and for a consistent general attitude. Without this poised attention to the texture of our experience – Leavis insists – the unavoidable accommodation to the environment becomes, in the context in which adjustment has to be made today, a helpless and total assimilation.

To help the young student to discover what resources are available to him for contructing his own critical attitude is an important part of Leavis's intention. His suggestions are made with an economy and definition very grateful to a beginner. And they are miles away from anything that might be suggested by taking literary studies as a novitiate preparing select spirits for the aesthetic life. The student is to discover the necessary resources in the language and especially in those places where the language used is the function of a living community, a fine corporate consciousness. He is sent to key passages in *Pilgrim's Progress*, George Sturt's *Change in the Village* and *The Wheelwright's Shop*, and D. H. Lawrence. The thing all three have in common is that they offer incontestable evidence – its presence in the words – for the existence of an organic community: a habit of life, sanctioned by tradition, exquisitely adapted to local circumstances but expressive too of a central humanity – the whole constituting a set of conditions, relations and influences capable of transforming an environment into a culture and a biological organism into a human person. And the second thing they share is their demonstrating that this was a culture of the people, the common possession of the common folk, racy, robust, but making too for a highly developed form of civility. To grasp what this meant, as well as to recognise what has been lost in its disappearance, is a primary aim of education, if education is to give, as Leavis holds it should, 'command of the art of living'. It is also a possible and reasonable aim. For while the physical existence of the organic community has been shattered beyond recall, its meaning, its ideal significance continues diffusely throughout the whole language and with concentrated intensity in certain works of literature. What was once given simply by the rhythm of life has now to be come by, can only be come by, in the systematic exercise of trained intelligence. Such a training supplies the essential axis of reference to which the conditions of contemporary life can be referred, and in relation to which they can be placed in an order of decency and humanity.

It is against 'a norm of humanity' brought from such resources that Leavis tests the effect of a modern environment. Of the myriad influences, physical and intellectual, which have combined to produce it, two have been especially weighty in fixing its tone and manner: namely machinery, the use of applied power, and universal literacy. And the topics which the student is invited to reflect on are those which markedly exhibit this double influence, for example, Mass Production, Standardisation, Advertising, Newspapers, Popular Fiction, Current Notions of Progress and the Standard of Living. There is a minimum of exposi-

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tion and a plentitude of examples, and the generalisations and conclusions are made much less by abstract statement and much more by the eloquence of instances. The effect is first to bring home to the learner, insistently, strikingly, and from many points of the compass, the fact that while 'culture' and 'environment' were once identified they are now divided; and, second, to make distinct an active idea of culture which will qualify him to discriminate among the elements of his environment. Since language is at the centre of our culture, 'and language is not merely a matter of words – or words are more than they seem to be', this entails constantly turning the students' attention to the way words are used, and especially to representative and decisive uses. It means eliciting the assumptions lurking in these, detecting the impulses they appeal to and exposing the real purposes they serve. The result is to heighten awareness of language as the essential agency of civilisation, and of the degeneration of language as a distraction of human capacity and a contraction of human possibility.

Leavis's effort, then, was to open a connection between sensibility and practical judgment, and to deploy the resources of literary taste in the interests of general civility; and to do this by bringing into conscious relation and articulate contrast the structure of our finest responses with the assumptions of our daily action. His purpose, in accord with his empirical, very English habit of mind, was not to recommend a system of general ideas but to cultivate skill in grasping an essential continuity. It was an undertaking, he hoped, in which

> the many intelligent men and women who every year go into schools might find assurance of vocation . . . The instinct towards health – the instinct of self-preservation – that we must believe to be in the human spirit will take effect through them or not at all.

I think it will be recognised that this hope has been remarkably justified since the book came out. It has produced its immediate effects in the grammar schools and universities by communicating to students a much clearer and juster conception of the critic's office in a modern society. It has also helped to prepare an audience able and ready to follow the extra-curricular activities in literary criticism, especially in social analysis and the theory of education. If there has been an audience ready and willing to take to the work, say, of Richard Hoggart or Raymond Williams, this has been because it has been prepared and practised in the necessary, preliminary understanding. But its influence has also worked more profoundly at the place where presupposition is affected and the premises of action are established. *Culture and Environment* has sharpened the convictions of several generations of the intelligent young, including a whole cluster of young writers. It has offered them an intellectual stance, a radically critical attitude, and a vocabulary of value capable of being dissolved into their own idiom. In doing so, this small book has helped to keep alive, in a world of the irresistibly encroaching context, 'a truth of resistance'.

Memento Mori

Here and today the fashion is
To live within parenthesis,
Arrange a medial vision, blind
To what's beyond us or behind,
And by short lengths, quite good enough
For a main chance, to sever off
All those who die, by cunning losses
Ward off their stiff abiding places.

Always it happens that this earth
Must seem remote from us till birth;
Death too we cannot quite discover
Until our dying turns it over.
When that which used a present tense
Breaks from one more circumference,
From gaps, the heart's vacuity,
Dead men shall walk, blind men shall see.

Not that the dead have gone so far;
Though unseen they're familiar;
About the unborn come and go
Live men, round us the dead also.
A white page turns, our language glosses
The varied dead, their sharp grimaces
Till it seems an agony is blurred;
Where but in us are they interred?
Cyanide, Monoxide, Cyclon B,
'Any man's death diminishes me'.

THOMAS BLACKBURN

GIs in Korea

Why They Collaborated. By EUGENE KINKEAD. *Longmans.* 21s.

In its cost in lives and money and the anti-Communist trauma it induced, the Korean war had a more profound effect on the United States than was realised here, an effect which did not end with the war. When it was over and US prisoners emerged from captivity, an astonishing discovery was made by the army: one-third of the prisoners had collaborated with the enemy Chinese and North Koreans, a proportion believed to be unprecedented in the history of conflict between nations. This was bad enough. But even more disturbing was the callous behaviour of many prisoners to their compatriots. Not only had they informed on each other or greedily snatched the rations of the weak: there were murder cases. Sgt Gallagher, for example, in effect killed three of his fellow enlisted men who were sick by 'forcibly ejecting' them from a place of shelter.

Even before being taken prisoner many of the troops had behaved badly enough to make what followed seem almost inevitable. Companies had cut and run for it in battle. Wounded men had waited by the side of the road for an ambulance or truck to come and collect them, as if it were all a field-exercise. Accustomed to a high standard of comfort, many of them ill-educated, and trained in a 'democratic' army, they found realities of the battlefield beyond their comprehension.

In all, 7,190 men were taken prisoner and of these 2,730 died, deaths which were attributable more to their compatriots' fault than any brutality of the Chinese. Certainly there was some brutality shown, but not towards prisoners from the army: behaviour towards the other US services and their reactions were strikingly different from the army's. Neither were any of the more advanced techniques of psychiatry used in encouraging collaboration, techniques like those which, it's officially

denied, Britain developed during the war. They were not used, one supposes, because they were not needed. Interrogation and propaganda were enough.

While these methods were undoubtedly used with devastating cunning the fact that the troops from other nations largely resisted them – most notably the Turks, whose morale was unflagging – opens windows on the American soul. Low morale may perhaps be almost wholly due to the 'democratisation' of the army after 1946, to a failure of discipline, to inadequate preparation, not against 'brainwashing', because that was not the problem, but for the harshness of war. It is arguable that the fault is not entirely the army's but that of the society from which the men emerged, with the natural reluctance of the enlisted, into this battle which was so much represented as a kind of religious war on democracy's behalf. The Chinese techniques of interrogation and propaganda were designed to isolate men from each other. But the men were already isolated, lonely, lost. The Chinese offered a new faith: the prisoners had little notion of any American faith.

It is a pity that Mr Kinkead has not written a bigger book on this fascinating subject because what happened to the Americans in Korea could happen to other countries in the future, if that kind of war ever occurs again. It also happened to the Chinese, of course. Out of 22,000 Chinese captured, 15,000 accepted US asylum. 'These men had been taught in our prison camp what democracy stands for', as an army officer put it. It goes without saying that Mr Kinkead does not discuss the implications of this remark.

W. JOHN MORGAN

A Misanthrope

Journal of a Man of Letters. By PAUL LÉAUTAUD. Translated by GEOFFREY SAINSBURY. *Chatto & Windus.* 25*s.*

Until he was 78 Paul Léautaud was known – if he was known at all – as a respected literary journalist, dramatic critic and eccentric of sharp and scoffing tongue who had slaved for years for the *Mercure de France* and *La Nouvelle Revue Française*. He belonged to the circle of Mallarmé, Valéry, Laforgue and Gide. But in the last 30 years of his life he had dropped out of sight and become a hermit, devoting his time to stray animals and his liaisons. Suddenly in 1950 a series of broadcast interviews brought him the fame he had never had in his youth. A selection from his journalism was published. *Le Petit Ami* – published last year here as *The Child of Montmartre* – which had been admired by a few writers when he was in his thirties, was rediscovered; and finally his secret life-work came to light: the *Journals* that minutely record his own life and the literary scene in Paris from 1893 onwards. From the first ten years of this peculiar work Mr Sainsbury has made the present selection with a warm and discerning introduction by Mr Alan Pryce-Jones. The *Journals* have been extravagantly praised; for literary historians and writers they will have a permanent but – I would have said – a minor interest.

At the moment their interest is considerable. Léautaud was one of those strange, unlucky hermetic characters, a nut that cannot be cracked, who are natural diarists. His childhood among the prostitutes of Montmartre, his lonely, heart-stunting life with his father's mistresses, his separation from his mother with whom he fell in love later on,

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not knowing who she was, his talent and his poverty, hardened him. He became all egotism, contemptuous of human beings; utterly honest about himself, severely cynical, yet also capable of tenderness. He would hear no talk of love in his relations with his many mistresses, thinking love a great evil, or at any rate, something quite outside his capacity. Like the women he sought, he was a stray. The only honest and pleasing relationship was physical and perfunctory; it was the impudence and pathos of the flesh that moved his curiosity, his nostalgia, his irony and his pity. Other writers and artists have thought like this; in Léautaud there is none of their exhibitionism, their crudity or sexual vainglory. He has the art of describing his mistresses, and indeed everyone else, in little and simply as persons. The gift springs paradoxically from his dedicated self-centredness, his interest in defining himself with precision. His spells of introspection are happily brief and lethargic. Stendhal, as one would guess, was his god.

Brought up outside the social framework as he was, Léautaud admired the alienated like himself – Wilde, Van Gogh, for example, talents destroyed by drink, drugs, excess, hunger and misfortune. Such people, he said, were free of the dulling and corrupting marks of professionalism in the arts. His own case is perfectly summed up in this entry which follows talk about Paul Valéry:

> In the last resort to be original is to be oneself. In literature there are two ways of arriving at originality. There are writers who look round to see what others are doing and, then, having surveyed the field, choose an untrodden or less trodden path. That's the bad way, worthless, in fact. Then there's the other: to examine all that is done, sizing it up to measure how much of oneself is in it . . . One proceeds in that way to an elimination of all that is not purely oneself, because it has been done by another self, and one comes in the end – always assuming one is somebody – to discover that unique domain which is one's own image.

Léautaud was forced to give up his creative work very early, partly because his books never sold, but really because he knew he lacked invention or imagination. He could write only about people he knew, exactly as he saw them. Such a temperament is condemned to the diarist's secrecy. But this also got him into trouble with his mistresses who mistrusted him. They rummaged in his diaries and letters, stole his keys and made terrible scenes. Despite his protests in the *Journal*, he seems to have been well able to stand them. He is mutilated and hard. His mockery is frightening. Nothing moves him from his idea that he is a writer, not a human being. His picture of the best literary society of his time in which he was liked, admired and feared is intimate and without self-importance. There are some very good portraits. Remy de Gourmont is most sympathetically done. Better still is his dry account of the anxieties of the Paris Grub Street, its poverty, debts, and intrigues for fame. He catches exactly the panic of the critic struggling against time with copy and proofs. One sees an integrity in action. When outside life forces itself on the man who knows that everything depends on his being alone and bearing it, he is always vivid. His curiosity is sometimes scabrous. He liked bizarre friends. There was the shameless Mme Dehaynin, a dedicated adventuress who is seen cheating her creditors and getting him to help her abscond. Léautaud was forced to wear one of her overcoats under his own, as he went off, and was stuffed with papers and silver. Her cutlery was stuck into his socks and boots, her toques were shoved under his jacket. The lady had doubled the size of her young daughter by winding the household linen round her.

Compared with the great secret livers – Pepys, Boswell or Rousseau, for example – Léautaud is a man of low temperature. He has no remorse, though he did once doubt if he ought to have described his father and an editor so precisely as they lay in their coffins. He regarded exact physical description as a duty. He hated the phrases which evade by colouring. Mr Alan Pryce-Jones calls him a figure of the seventeenth century and that is indeed where he austerely and misanthropically belongs.

V. S. Pritchett

Art and Allegory

Dark Conceit. By Edwin Honig. *Faber*. 36*s*.

Since the Romantics, allegory has been out, symbolism in. The distinction was first and most forcibly made by Coleridge:

> The form is mechanic when on any given material we impress a predetermined form, not necessarily arising out of the properties of the material . . . The organic form, on the other hand, is innate; it shapes, as it develops, itself from within, and the fulness of its development is one and the same with the perfection of its outward form. Such as the life is, such is the form.

Since then the whole movement in literature towards an ever increasing depth and complexity has found the simple game of allegorical correspondences at best trivial, at worst downright distasteful. James dismissed as 'forcible-feeble' the doubtful pleasure of 'seeing a story told as if it were another and very different story'. The feeling was that literature was a power on its own; it needed no ideas to justify it; it was concerned with the merging forms of life, not with doctrines; it posed questions and hinted at resolutions but avoided at all costs flat, dogmatic answers.

Recently in America, however, the distinction between allegory and symbolism has been broken down again, and the former has prospered accordingly. A medievalist like D. W. Robertson, who is interested in Christian symbolism but not, apparently, in Christianity, a literary theorist like Northrop Frye, who writes within a powerful moral framework though he seems reluctant to say which, and a strange genius like Kenneth Burke, who uses literature as just one element among many in his *summa* on human behaviour, have all written criticism which, in its wide-ranging schematising, is like nothing so much as a highly sophisticated, intellectual and cosmopolitan cousin of the old four-fold method of allegorical interpretation. Now Edwin Honig has produced *Dark Conceit* to justify the ways of allegory to modern man by making it seem the most inclusive and subtle of all forms of writing.

Like his elder colleagues, Mr Honig does not much care for the evaluative side of criticism. Instead, he is interested in it as a comprehensive intellectual discipline which gathers under its wing anthropology, the history of ideas, politics and psychology. So, though he is at times a shrewd commentator who can demonstrate with considerable acumen how *The Scarlet Letter* or Kafka's *Metamorphosis* is organised round a single metaphor, his real interest is elsewhere.

It lies in the relationship between literature and belief. Unlike our own defenders of, say, Spenser, Mr Honig has no religious axe to grind. He is fascinated by the quality and interaction of ideas. He views allegory as a 'metaphor of purpose' which gives substance to the artist's thinking. For the artist, of course, thinking has very little to do with conceptualising. It is, instead, a matter of translating his experience of life into terms of his medium. So Mr Honig, with admirable impartiality, probes into the way in which the translations are made between experience, ethics and art, the strategies by which they are developed and maintained, the final weight of authority the work receives from them and the way in which the literary act modifies the systems from which it sprang. On these terms, he follows allegory from its earliest ritual stirrings in Ancient Greece right up to Kafka.

As a piece of literary-intellectual history, *Dark Conceit* is often peculiarly impressive. Mr Honig has a great range of reference and is a tenacious arguer. Once he gets on to an idea he will keep after it ruthlessly through the most tangled thickets of abstraction until it finally lies down and gives up. But granted his skill and persistence, it is a pity he moves so ponderously. As a quarterly reviewer, Mr Honig is a very polished performer indeed. In comparison, he seems to have written *Dark Conceit* with his boots:

> For the meanings of allegory depend, as in poetry, upon the accretion of certain tropes. These tropes make evident a consonance between objective facts and their moral or psychological counterparts, so that the reality – the hypothetical nature of the literal – is ultimately transcended by the total organisation of meanings which is the fiction.

I can't imagine a tricksier way of saying the artistic whole is greater than its parts. Unfortunately, this polysyllabic swaddling is typical of the book; it muffles what might otherwise have made a considerable impact.

There is also a certain failure of judgment in the work. It is perfectly fair game for Mr Honig to extend the title of allegory to all the literature he likes. And to extend the form's realm out of the narrow boundaries of religion until it can include belief in 'art, philosophy, psychology, and science' is perhaps the only way of making allegory meaningful for us now. But when James objected to Hawthorne's fanciful allegorising and Coleridge distinguished between allegory and symbolism they were doing more than quibbling about terms, or even objecting to the violation of the autonomy of art, or to attempts to smuggle in beliefs disguised as fiction. They were criticising a final failure of excellence: they objected to what James called 'the little postern door of fancy' through which the allegorists escaped the need to explore the full implications, the fully lived morality, of the situations they set up. It is one thing to justify allegory by showing that it is wider and deeper than we supposed and can tap immense subtleties of what Burke calls 'symbolic action'. It is quite another to assume that a richness of allegorical intention automatically transforms a work into major art. Mr Honig may have disposed of the old dichotomy between allegory and symbolism, but the difference in quality between *The Faerie Queene* and, say, *The Winter's Tale* remains what it was, whatever he chooses to call it.

A. Alvarez

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FLAKE OR RUBBED OUT

Friends Together

Hons and Rebels. By JESSICA MITFORD. *Gollancz.* 18*s.*

'By the kind of improbable coincidence which we now suspect to be unconsciously contrived by those involved in it, he met . . . a girl who seemed to have been specially constructed to suit him as a wife.' Thus, in *Friends Apart*, wrote Philip Toynbee of Esmond Romilly's first meeting with Jessica Mitford. And here is Miss Mitford herself to show how right he was. If ever a marriage was made in heaven (equals, in this case, the high euphoria of upper-class radical revolt) this one was. 'For a moment I felt physically faint with anticipation,' writes Miss Mitford. 'Of course, I had been in love with Esmond for years . . .'

For the young Jessica this meeting was far more than a simple boy-meets-girl affair. In their remote Cotswold house the six Mitford girls had grown up in almost Victorian seclusion, their private world shattered from time to time by 'Farve's' rages (Uncle Matthew of *The Pursuit of Love*) but touched not at all by the strikes, hungers and despairs that were rocking the rest of England. When at last the big world of ideas did break about the Mitford ears it left Jessica, attracted at once towards socialism, isolated in a household of Fascists and Fascist sympathisers. Diana had married Sir Oswald Mosley, Unity had become pally with Hitler, and Lord and Lady Redesdale ('Farve is one of Nature's Fascists,' said Diana admiringly), impressed by the gaudy trappings of the new regime, were quickly converted. By the time Jessica met the explosive young Romilly, himself a past-master of the art of revolt, she was scarcely on speaking terms with the rest of her family. It needed little more than half a dozen sentences for the great decision to be taken. Esmond was returning to Spain, where he had recently survived the battle of Boadilla, as a war correspondent, and Jessica would go with him as his 'secretary'.

For Jessica it was less an escape *from* something than *to* something, for she entered now the mad, exciting, dedicated Romilly world, to which she had for so long aspired from afar. And the question now arises: what exactly were the Romillys and their friends dedicated *to*? They were not Communists – as Philip Toynbee, rather experimentally, was. They were socialists in a sense, but not committed to any particular social philosophy. While John Strachey, G. D. H. Cole and the Beaumont Street intellectuals were worrying away at what socialism was about, these upper-class rebels were joyfully hurling their home-made brickbats at whatever they thought it was against: the public schools, militarism, fascism . . .

There is, of course, a similar division of labour in the present-day left-wing scene: while the Logues and Osbornes are making loud and often woolly noises on-stage, the Edward Thompsons, Stuart Halls, Richard Hoggarts are quietly chipping away in the background to provide the ammunition which will never bear their name. But although the serious young radicals of today would hardly recognise their kinship with the romantic and often frivolous rebels of the Thirties, it would ill become them to sneer: for what is astonishing is that someone like Miss Mitford, with such a background, should have broken away at all. It is impossible to read this objective, humorous and vividly evocative book without admiration for such a spirited achievement.

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CHATTO & WINDUS

Vive Massu!

Algeria in Turmoil. By MICHAEL K. CLARK. *Thames & Hudson.* 35*s.*

Reliable books on the Algerian problem are rare. Charles-André Julian's *L'Afrique du Nord en marche* is still the best account of the rise of Arab nationalism, but it was published in 1952 and gives no account of the Algerian insurrection itself. The war has produced nearly a hundred volumes, most of them ephemeral polemics by committed public men, such as Soustelle, Bidault, Boyer de Latour and Juin. Servan-Schreiber's *Lieutenant en Algérie* gives a shrewd portrait of the military campaign, but it is now out of date. Germaine Tillon, an ethnologist, and Raymond Aron, a political philosopher, have both written books on the economic aspects of the revolt; but they reach diametrically opposed conclusions from the same statistical premises. There are at least four accounts of the rising of 13 May 1958, but only one, by Merry and Serge Bromberger, has any pretence to objectivity. All this literature lacks convincing documentation. Hence, with this fat volume of 450 pages, Mr Clark makes bold to claim that he has produced the first comprehensive account of the war in any language.

Unfortunately, this claim, like his book, is largely worthless. In his preface, Mr Clark, a journalist who once worked for the *New York Times*, states: 'I have pursued the goal of analytical, rather than merely descriptive, objectivity'. If words have any meaning, this is demonstrably untrue. From the very first page, he makes it plain that he is fully committed to the concept of *l'Algérie française*; there are, he repeats, only two alternatives for Algeria – complete integration with France, or outright independence, leading to economic collapse and dictatorship. Hence his heroes are Soustelle, Massu and even Lagaillarde; his villains, Mendès-France, Ferhat Abbas and (I detect an element of personal dislike here) Mr Irving Brown, the ubiquitous European envoy of the American Confederation of Labour.

Now this thesis, tenable or not, is a legitimate point of view. Had Mr Clark presented his account of the war consecutively, and then drawn his conclusions in a final chapter, he might have made a considerable impact on American opinion, which, he claims, is twisted by its traditional anti-colonialism and misled by tendentious reporting in the western press. Unfortunately, he cannot restrain himself from interpolating his opinions and judgments – many of them expressed in bitter or facetious language – at every stage of his narrative; indeed, he occasionally inserts whole chapters of editorial, an unforgivable fault in a man trained to the exacting standards of the *NY Times*. This not only destroys confidence in his factual presentation, but leads to increasing irritation, and there were times when I was sorely tempted to put the book down.

Moreover, as the narrative progresses and Mr Clark's enthusiasm for his cause waxes, the selection of facts becomes increasingly arbitrary. A great deal is said about atrocities committed by the Algerian rebels, hardly anything about French repression. There is a brief mention of the investigation committee set up under Maître Garçon, but none of its findings or the resignation of Garçon when the government refused to publish or act upon them. The cases of Maurice Audin and Henri Alleg – and the horrifying story of Djamila Bouhired – are not even mentioned. It is central to Mr Clark's thesis that the FLN is an unrepresentative handful of fanatics, avid for power and wealth; hence, little is said of the scores of thousands of refugees who have fled to Morocco and Tunisia from the benefits of French 'pacification'. French estimates of casualties on both sides are quoted uncritically, and Mr Clark makes no attempt to assess losses among the Arab civil population – now believed to be over half a million – as a result of *ratissages* and the wholesale destruction of villages. Even more startling, since this is essential to an understanding of what is going on in Algeria, I can find no mention of the vast Regroupment Centres – concentration camps, in effect – which now house well over one million Arab villagers.

Factual omission, however, is not the worst of Mr Clark's failings as an observer. There are times when, in his eagerness to present his case, he takes leave from reality altogether. Thus, when he deals with the Algerian Jews, Mr Clark is anxious to prove, on the one hand, that the Jews are superior to the Arabs, and on the other, that they are native to Algeria. He therefore finds himself writing such nonsense as 'the Jews of Constantine reacted to rebel terror with a show of violence that revealed the vitality of their European reflex. Yet the Jews are as indigenous to Algeria as the Arabs'. On the next page he states: 'While the Jew has proved a true convert to progress, the Moslem is likely to remain an exile'. Then, a few sentences later: 'the Jews are likely to be wiser in the ways of the Moslems than other

Europeans'. The moral of this argument seems to be that anyone can consider himself a European provided he is violent enough! This was one of the passages which tempted me to abandon Mr Clark without further ado.

However, I struggled through to the end because, with all its faults, *Algeria in Turmoil* does contain, in convenient form, some useful information. Those who are already acquainted with the Algerian problem, and are alive to its many pitfalls, may find it an asset. The general reader should treat it with the greatest caution.

PAUL JOHNSON

New Novels

Bend Sinister. By VLADIMIR NABOKOV. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 15*s.*

The Marigold Summer. By ELIZABETH AVERY. *Joseph.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Bargains at Special Prices. By ALAN CLARK. *New Authors.* 15*s.*

Bend Sinister was published in America in 1947 and was the second novel in English by Vladimir Nabokov. Though clearly a work of distinction, it is easy to see why this novel has had to wait so long for publication in this country. It is bizarre, puzzling and difficult. The story itself is simple. In an unnamed state there has been a revolution and the Party of the Average Man is in power. The party stands for equality, fraternity and the abolition of individuality. Private emotion is anti-social; nothing is worthwhile which cannot be shared. The party requires the support of Krug, who is a philosopher and the country's only celebrity, internationally known for *The Philosophy of Sin*, 'banned in four states and a best seller in the rest'. Krug does not respond. He is grieving for his dead wife and, feeling protected by his fame, is contemptuous of the party's aims, which he regards as 'spiritual cannibalism', and contemptuous of the dictator himself, whom he bullied at school. One by one Krug's friends disappear; his world narrows to his young son; his work begins to decline. Everyone about him is 'adjusting ideas and emotions to those of a harmonious majority'; they are no longer equipped for love or grief. And Krug is about to succumb, about to betray all that has kept him apart, when he is arrested. His son is killed in a grotesque way; Krug becomes insane.

It is a puzzling story. It is not realistic, satirical or prophetic; it is not *Darkness at Noon* or *Animal Farm* or *Nineteen-Eighty-Four*. It is not political. The police state with its theatrical machinery seems to be used only as a setting for a contemporary tale of mystery and imagination. And as a fantasy it does not seem to me to be a success. There are too many puzzles. What is the value of the amusing, but disproportionately long, Thurberish interpretation of *Hamlet*? Who is the 'I' who steps from time to time between the reader and the novel? Is it Mr Nabokov, or is it the insane Krug himself, breaking from the third person into the first, as children do when they write stories? The skill with which Mr Nabokov creates his effects of fantasy is remarkable: an oblique narrative method coupled with a minute exploration of small scenes, precise detail upon precise detail, again and again dissolves reality into nightmare. But the effort is too cerebral to arouse immediate response. Too much has to be worked out; there are too many distractions.

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Mr Nabokov's style is almost too good for the novel. His vocabulary calls too much attention to itself, and his botanical words continually send the simple bulb-burier to the dictionary. He is incapable of lightness; his sentences are overloaded and the very precision with which he gets his effects is in the long run fatiguing. At times he is as ponderous as the proverbial sports-writer: the moon is 'our siliceous satellite', press-clippings are 'indigenous allusions', to use a blotter is to 'apply the leech'. *Bend Sinister* is not easy to read, and not sufficiently rewarding. For all its brilliance, it is only an exercise.

But it is recognisably a novel. The other books this week appear to be only parts of novels. After a beginning that promises much, *The Marigold Summer* declines into a well-documented account of an eye-operation on a ten-year-old child. It is written, admirably, from the point of view of the child, and is convincing and in parts moving; it will give much pleasure. Miss Avery is improving, but she is still unselective and still has no sense of shape. She has now written 400 pages about Babs Alverton, and Babs isn't yet 11.

Bargains at Special Prices is a well-documented account of shady deals among the stockbrokers. It is a light-hearted romp, sustained to the end. Mr Clark's dialogue is delightful and he tells his story briskly; but he is too malicious to be ever really funny. The reader is not wholly satisfied; he wants to know more about the people; he is left with the feeling that the material should have provided no more than a sub-plot in a slightly less superficial novel. Mr Clark is, however, one of the better 'New Authors'; his next novel, about an amateur wrestling team in Russia, should be worth reading.

V. S. NAIPAUL

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Phoenix

Churchmen Militant

African Pulse. By MARTIN JARRETT-KERR. *Faith Press.* 13s. 6d.

Among the most interesting phenomena of Southern and Central Africa are the politically militant missionaries. They stood out like milestones on my journey through this area two years' ago: from the Church of Scotland ministers in Nyasaland (no longer called missionaries, because the Presbyterian church of Central Africa has now been given full self-government by the Scottish church), through the Methodists in Northern Rhodesia, with a side-glance at St Faith's mission farm in Southern Rhodesia, down to the Anglicans in South Africa. I found they all had one thing in common: they were all out-spoken, gay and irresistibly 'committed'. But it is the Anglicans who have taken to the pen. Father Huddleston started it with *Naught For Your Comfort;* now his successor from the Community of the Resurrection, Father Jarrett-Kerr, has followed suit and a third book from a similar quarter is on the way. It is an exciting and impressive trilogy.

Father Jarrett-Kerr is very modest about his own contribution. His book is certainly less polished than Trevor Huddleston's in style and editing, but it is instinct with the same sense of living contact with human beings. This is, of course, the great crime of the missionaries in the eyes of the whites: they will keep harping on what the author of this book calls 'the astonishing unity of the human race,' based on the common factor that all human beings are unique. And once you approach Africans in this way, you get caught up in their vitality, colourfulness and morality as individuals. And you begin to feel sorry for the white South Africans, imprisoned in their self-erected compounds of ignorance and fear. They miss so much happiness and fun.

It was this sense of happiness which struck me most when I visited the Community's centre in Sophiatown two years ago. Inside I was welcomed with tea, plum-cake and a copy of the NEW STATESMAN. Outside, an African band from the township was assembling with its instruments, one of the enterprises fostered by the South African Arts Federation, of which Father Jarrett-Kerr was chairman. Then he swept me out on a whirlwind tour of the locations, deeply regretting that time did not allow him to show me round the huge non-European hospital of which he was chaplain. I remember that he was full of the iniquities of the South African Nursing Act, just passed through Parliament. Having read his book, I can understand his anger now.

Father Jarrett-Kerr has concentrated his story on the African patients and nurses among whom he worked at the hospital. He gives us a picture of African women struggling with the problems of transition from traditional habits of thought to Western ones, a struggle made all the more difficult because the whites betray their own Western ethics time and again. And this, as he points out, was one of the evils of the South African Nursing Act, designed to turn a traditionally multi-racial profession into a segregated one. The Nationalist Government dared not force non-white nurses out of the South African Nursing Association because, if they had, they would have disqualified that Association for membership of the International Council of Nursing, whose code of ethics holds that nursing is a 'universal service' which knows no colour bar. And so, with typical *apartheid* hypocrisy, they have compelled African nurses to stay in the Association while depriving them of all say in its control and government. And this not because the Africans were ill-fitted for nursing, but because they showed themselves so apt in its qualities and skills that they were in danger of dominating the profession and – horror of horrors! – actually finding themselves in authority over Europeans. As one Nationalist spokesman in Parliament put it: 'This legislation will prevent social integration and equality'.

To men like Father Jarrett-Kerr, who have seen the devoted work of these young African women at first hand, silence in the face of the human fraud of *apartheid* is impossible. Particularly as every day some new barrier to African development is erected by the South African government. He points out, for instance, that the new Act gives the Nursing Council power to introduce differential training for non-whites which, by depriving African nurses of an internationally recognised certificate, would rob them of their chance of further training overseas. Fortunately, the Council has not dared to take this step so far. And it is books like this that help to bar the way.

BARBARA CASTLE

Shorter Reviews

FA Cup. By GEOFFREY GREEN. *Heinemann.* 21s.

Many authors, essayists and reporters have written well about cricket, perhaps because the leisureliness of the game itself gives time for experience and thought to mature. Football writers, however, generally catch fevers from their game and little emerges except a rash of adjectives, not all of which can be found in the dictionaries. To this Mr Geoffrey Green is an exception, whether he is writing match accounts for his newspaper or whether, as here, he is writing something more reflective. There are two halves to this latest revision of his official history of the FA Cup. One – the complete charts showing the progress of every cup competition since the beginning in 1872 – is the kind of thing that schoolboys love to pore over. The other half is for those who like good writing, whether they are football fans or not. Here are the remembered highlights of each Cup Final, the 'White Horse', first-ever Wembley final of 1923, for example, when 200,000 men and women spilled over a stadium built for 120,000 or the extraordinary, favourite-shattering final of 1939 when Pompey swamped Wolves, or the near-miracle of the Matthews final in 1953; and here, too, are living pictures of the great players. Alex James, says Green, was as different from David Jack as Puck from Hamlet. 'His genius and individuality were his own, as were his long, baggy trousers and the sleeves of his shirt, studiously turned down and buttoned at the wrist. He, too, "fluttered" his foot over the ball . . . he would scatter defences not so much by what he did with the ball as by what he didn't; he was the conjurer at a children's party'. In Green's hands, this history becomes a heroic saga; but it also shows how the Cup Final has become a modern folk-festival.

J.P.W.M.

Warden's Wife. By GLADYS DUFFY. *Gollancz.* 21s

The admirable author of this autobiography is the wife of Clinton Duffy, who is famous for the penal reforms he introduced in San Quentin penitentiary, California, during the eleven years he was Warden, from 1940-51. Her story, despite the background, is romantic. The daughter and grand-daughter of prison guards, she grew up in the 'prison town' and at an early age became acquainted with convicts and their crimes and punishments. She first met Duffy, whose father also was a guard, at the local school, and the

two children appear to have been drawn to each other by the sympathy they felt for the several thousand victims of shootings, clubbings, tortures, and organised humiliation. Many times, trespassing together in the warden's garden, they would imagine themselves in his place and discuss all the improvements and innovations they would at once order. Since no warden had ever been recruited from the prison service, their ambitious game seemed childish even to themselves.

Mrs Duffy's story, which is virtually an unofficial history of San Quentin, is told with engaging simplicity, and she writes sensitively about the many notorious criminals she got to know. From her grandfather she had learned of the abominable beginnings of the prison in the Gold Rush of the 1850's, and she herself was a witness of the reign of terror that continued there, with but few abatements, up to the day her husband was appointed Warden. His achievements were spectacular. In a few weeks he had ended the vicious circle of violence and had laid the foundation of what was to become a most enlightened regime. Only one thing defeated him: capital punishment. He accepted another appointment in 1951 because he could no longer bear his obligatory duty of supervising gas-chamber executions.

M.R.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,570 **Set by Janet Adam Smith**

The usual prizes are offered for an elegy on the dead of Sharpeville. Maximum length 20 lines. Entries by 5 April.

Result of No. 1,567 **Set by Buzfuz**

The usual prizes are offered for an extract from one of the following poems: 'To Lucasta, on returning from the wars' (Lovelace), 'I have been unfaithful to thee, Cynara' (Dowson), 'If Not' (Kipling), 'La Belle Dame Avec Merci' (Keats), 'The Peace Song of Dinas Fawr' (Peacock), or 'Wealthy Knife-Grinder' (Canning). Limit 16 lines.

Report

A handsome response – especially in demobilised Lovelaces – though unfortunately many were given something of a 1945 flavour. Stanley J. Sharpless, however, had the right idea with:

> Therein, where safety ever dwells,
> Thy chaste breast pillow me,
> And we will say no more farewells
> – Except to chastity.

Unfaithful-in-their-fashion Dowsons were much less successful; while La Belle Dame, having acquired Merci, was frequently amusing even when placed in a modern setting. P. W. R. Foot's lady was, however, somewhat bitter:

> I found her in a blue-streaked grot
> And there she cursed the heathen Thor;
> She said: 'We'll fill four minutes grace
> With kisses four'.

Rhoda Tuck Pook's 'If Not' would, but for a disastrously over-long fourth line, have been as near perfect as one could wish for:

> If you can't keep your manly fervour under,
> Be less intense although you feel the more,
> You'll make an introvert, I shouldn't wonder,
> And, what is more, you'll be a crashing bore.

I also liked Francis Drake's:

> If you have guts, but can't find guts apurpose,
> If you have brains, but can't think for the noise,
> Not yours the earth; then try the moon or Venus;
> Somewhere lies nothingness, or equipoise.

The Knife Grinder and Dinas Fawr contingents did creditably but were less numerous than the rest. Out of a very talented short list I recommend prizes of one-and-a-half guineas for R. Kennard Davis and H. A. C. Evans, and one guinea each for J. A. Lindon and Allan M. Laing. Commended are R. A. McKenzie, Rhoda Tuck Pook, Nancy Gunter, G. J. Blundell, P. W. R. Foot, Stanley J. Sharpless, Barbara Roe, Gloria Prince and Francis Drake.

> 'Wealthy knife-grinder, you are sleek and shaven,
> New is the hat, and neatly creased the trousers.
> Tell me, I pray you, what has wrought this
> great trans-
> mogrification?'
>
> 'Sir, from knife-grinding I have graduated
> Up to the nobler branch of grinding axes.
> During the war I made a pretty fortune
> on the black market.
>
> Well have I learned the arts of profiteering,
> Cooking expense accounts, evading taxes;
> And I conceive that you and I could well, Sir,
> help one another,
>
> You the wise statesman, I the honest merchant!
> Would you accept a seat upon the Board, Sir?
> I should feel honoured by the condescension!'
> 'Sir, you insult me!'
> (*kicks knife-grinder, and exit*)

R. Kennard Davis

> If you can't trim your sails to suit the weather,
> If you can't take your chance to pass the buck,
> If you can't offer cardboard goods as leather
> And then persuade the mugs to buy the muck;
> If you can't work a profitable fiddle
> Or cheat the Customs when you've been abroad,
> If you can't wangle your returns, and diddle
> The Income Tax, yet not be charged with fraud;
>
> If you can't learn the craft of social climbing
> And damn the eyes of those who're underneath;
> If you can't kid your friend you're not two-
> timing,
> Then, when it suits you, kick him in the teeth;
> If you can't run a car on public money,
> Or have your lunch each day at the Savoy,
> You're going to find that life's not all that funny,
> For, take my tip, you'll miss the bus, old boy.

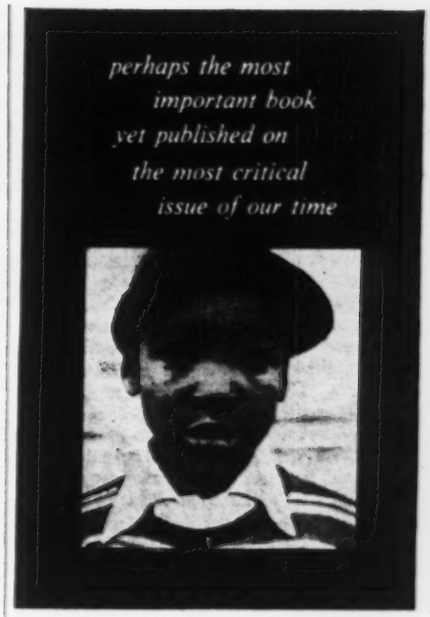
H. A. C. Evans

> Ah me! I slept again, and woke,
> And found my kind, wild lady come;
> Full sweet and fond the words she spoke,
> Till I was dumb.
>
> I made her mine. I see pale crocks
> Left nightly piled up in the sink,
> With frightful bills for hair and frocks
> And shoes and mink.
>
> Pale offspring romp through 'Elfin Grot',
> I have no place to call my own;
> She screams abuse, consumes a lot,
> And nags with moan.
>
> So now, beneath the moon's pale gleam,
> In wither'd sedge beside the lake
> I sleep; to hope it's all a dream,
> From which I'll wake.

J. A. Lindon

> For women life is sweeter,
> But men are growing fatter:
> The ways of peace are neater,
> But the prizes go to chatter
> Reviewing the position,
> Although we must defend it,
> We nourish a suspicion
> That some would like to end it.
>
> We've travelled far from battle
> And grown unused to killing:
> We're deaf with women's prattle
> And tired of endless tilling.
> Alas! No King of Dyfed
> Exists to change the story:
> Though wine and feast have both
> increased,
> We're sadly short of glory.

Allan M. Laing



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City Lights

Stocking Stitch in Time

The City has its statistical fads. Changes in the exchange rate, the size of the gold reserve or the state of bank liquidity will be translated into price adjustments on the spot, but the airy-fairy figures cooked up in Whitehall, despite the respect usually paid to the half-understood, often seem to have no immediate effect at all; tradition, presumably, is partly to blame, partly a feeling that only figures which are about money and produced at home can be both important and reliable. The provisional balance of payments figures for 1959, at any rate, provoked scarcely a yawn. Yet they are a good deal worse than expected, with the year's surplus on current account falling from £349m to £145m, the lowest since 1955, and becoming an actual deficit of £18m in the last quarter.

The main reason for this deterioration was a much sharper rise in imports than in exports as production rose and stocks were rebuilt. The movement was particularly marked in the last quarter of 1959, when industry's stocks of raw materials and fuel, which usually fall at that time of year, rose quite sharply; the building up of stocks was clearly an important factor in the overall rise of production. Although there are still relatively few bottlenecks in the supply of raw materials to industry, delivery dates are rapidly lengthening and commodity prices are more likely to rise than to fall. If the government wants to ensure that the movement does not snowball, it will have to do something about the growth of bank advances. One or two of the banks are already beginning to look more critically at their larger and more speculative borrowers, but their latest statement shows that advances again rose very steeply in February/March. To finance this rise, the banks sold more gilt-edged stock in a shorter space of time than ever before; the bulk had to be taken in by Grandma, and the fall in gilt-edged prices which caused so much heart-burning at the end of February was her natural reaction. The banks, in fact, seem to have sold rather more stock than was strictly necessary to keep their liquidity ratio off the floor, aware, no doubt, that overdraft commitments undertaken in the past would help to keep advances rising for some time to come. The ratio of investments to deposits is now back to a 'normal peacetime' level – the lowest, in fact, since 1931.

* * *

While the British balance of payments is deteriorating, that of the US seems to be improving. The annual rate of deficit in the first quarter of 1960 is now expected to be $2½ billion, against the $3¾ billion of 1959, and the drain of gold has temporarily stopped; imports have fallen a little and exports are rising sharply. The President, in a message to Congress, has called for a new export drive. Government trade departments are to be expanded and existing services to exporters – trade information, trade fairs, and so on – are to be increased; it seems likely, too, that the Export-Import Bank will now copy our own ECGD and guarantee short-term export credits against such risks as currency restrictions and even expropriation.

Meanwhile, the easy cash position of American business has helped to push down short-term rates still further, and Wall Street is unsteadily steadier. It is noticeable that while there has been little demand for US stocks from this side for some time past, the London premium still persists. Some of the security dollars available for buying dollar stocks have been turned into sterling, others have been used for such speculative incursions into North America as the development of Grand Central Station and the building of shopping centres in Westchester County; the supply is now so reduced that, if demand for dollar stocks were to revive, the premium could jump quickly to a level high enough to worry badly the little men in Zurich. The government will be forced, sooner or later, to replenish the supply and disprove its claim that investment in North America, if financed in security dollars, has no effect on the reserve.

* * *

Cunard, belatedly following the example of the other main shipping lines, is taking an interest in the air. It has agreed to take a controlling interest in the Eagle Group – a relatively small company whose aircraft are mainly employed on trooping and on charter excursions to the Continent. Eagle also runs charter flights across the Atlantic and is hoping for permission to run a regular service from Britain to Bermuda. There can be little doubt that this is where Cunard's main interest lies: the new Civil Aviation bill before parliament will do away with the monopoly of the state corporations and give the independent operators the right to apply for licences on new routes in open competition with them. The Chandos committee, which is considering what the government can do to help Cunard over the replacement of the two Queens, is due to report at the end of this month. The repugnance which other shipping lines felt from the outset for the idea of a special subsidy to Cunard has now been reinforced by a general reaction against the government's tendency to subsidise every private industry in sight. If Cunard cannot get all it wants from the taxpayer, it may be able to make it up from BOAC.

Company News

Ford has pushed up its profits by 30 per cent, though the cost of running in new plant made the second half of the year slightly less successful than the first; the dividend, raised from 12 to 17½ per cent, is 4½ times covered. *Car Mart*, distributor of Austin and Ford vehicles, reports profits up from £425,000 to £612,000 – well above the 1954/5 record – and is raising its dividend from 22½ to 32½ per cent. The *Pru* has increased the proportion of its surplus paid to policy-holders, but is simultaneously raising the dividend on its 'A' shares (most of whose income comes from the life assurance business) from 6s 6d to 7s 4d tax-free.

On the bid front, *J. & N. Phillips*, the Manchester drapery firm with which the Wolfson family is thought to be connected, has acquired a substantial interest in *Horrockses* and made a bid unlikely. *Purnell*, the Bristol colour printers, is bidding for *Waterlow*, which prints banknotes, stamps and the *Radio Times*, but still appears to have got itself into a mess. *Associated-Rediffusion*, the TV company, is bidding nearly £2¼m for *Wembley Stadium*: *A-R*, which is building a large studio nearby, means to carry on the stadium and the pool as before.

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MORTGAGE APPLICATIONS INVITED

The Chess Board

No. 541. Sad Memory

There's nothing very sad about the fact that David Przepiorka would be 80 one of these days; what is so sad about it is the memory of the very cruel end he suffered in occupied Poland, almost exactly 20 years ago. Like so many of his contemporaries he would seem to be almost forgotten by the present generation, even though (along with Reti and Duras) he provided one of the very few exceptions to the rule that mastery at the game and in problem-composition usually exclude one another. Przepiorka was a brilliant composer of problems and endgame studies, but he was a very strong (if occasionally erratic) player to; and he gained considerable honours in international master tournaments, to say nothing of the brilliancy prizes for which he was a frequent candidate. Here – Black against Janowski at Ostend, 1906 – he shows his prowess.

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (3) B-Kt5, P-QR3; (4) B-R4, Kt-B3; (5) O-O, P-Q3; (6) R-K1, B-K2; (7) P-Q4, PxP; (8) KtxP, B-Q2; 9) KtxKt, BxKt; (10) BxB, PxB; (11) Kt-Q2, Kt-Q2; (12) Kt-Kt3, Kt-K4; (13) P-KB4, Kt-Kt3; (14) Kt-Q4, Q-Q2; (15) P-B4, O-O; (16) Q-R4, B-B3! [Ruling out QxBP and making KtxP awkward enough after . . . K-R1]; (17) Kt-B3, KR-K1; (18) R-Kt1, R-K2; (19) B-Q2, QR-K1; (20) P-QB5, PxP! [Outwitting the opponent who evidently had failed to foresee the strength of Black's 23rd]; (21) P-K5, Kt-R5; (22) PxB, KtxKt ch; (23) PxKt, R-K7! [Lasker in his notes wonders how very unusual it must be for both sides to be saddled with triple-pawns]; (24) RxR, RxR; (25) B-K1? [Loses at once, but there is hardly any adequate defence anyway]. Q-Q6!, and Janowski resigned because (26) Q-Kt3 would be refuted by . . . Q-Kt3 ch; (27) B-Kt3, QxR ch

And here's a position in which Przepiorka forced a mate in three as neatly as if it were one of his problems. /R6kt/1p2r1pk/p1p4p/3qBP2/6P1/4Q2P/PP5K/8/. His B seems doomed, but he simply played (1) QxP ch! !, KxQ; (2) RxKt ch, K-Kt4; (3) R-R5 mate. Obviously (1) . . . ,PxQ would have resulted in an even quicker mate by RxKt.

Most of Przepiorka's games reveal a quiet positional style, but he never missed a tactical chance such as was offered to him in this game when he played White against Gottesdiener at Warsaw, 1924.

(1) P-Q4, P-KB4; (2) P-KKt3, P-K3; (3) B-Kt2, Kt-KB3; (4) Kt-KR3, P-Q4; (5) O-O, B-Q3; (6) P-QB4, P-B3; (7) Q-Q3, O-O; (8) Kt-B3, K-R1; (9) B-B4, BxB; (10) KtxB, Q-K2; (11) P-B3, QKt-Q2; (12) PxP, KPxP; (13) P-K4! [Much stronger than QxP which would be refuted by . . Q-Kt5 and . . . Kt-Kt3-B5]. BPxP; (14) PxP, Kt-Kt3; (15) QR-K1, PxP; (16) BxP, KtxB; (17) RxKt, Q-Q3; (18) R-K5, Kt-Q2; 19) R-KR5, Kt-B3;

And here, spurning the pedestrian way of winning the exchange (and presumably the game) by the obvious Kt-check, Przepiorka forced immediate resignation by one fell blow. And how he did it may as well serve as **A**, the 4-pointer for beginners.

B and **C** are both wins, and the former should be a bargain for 6 ladder-points if I add the very useful hint that the key-move is meant to drive the Black K to a square soon to turn out most unfavourable. **C** (for 7 points) is not quite that easy, but here's another useful hint: Don't be too niggardly about the White pieces, so long as that precious passed KP gets a proper chance to queer the Queen's pitch.

B: D. Przepiorka, 1910: /R5kt1/4kt2p/4K2P/2k3P1/1p6/24/.

C: D. Przepiorka, 1934: /2q5/5R2/7B/4P3/Kt7/P4p1p/k3KtP1P/4kt2K/.

Usual prizes. Entries by 4 April.

REPORT on No. 538. Set 5 March

A: R-K8!! wins at once.

B: (1) B-B6! BxB; (2) R-Q2!!, QxR; (3) PxP ch, BxP; stalemate.

C: (1) K-Q3, K-B8; (2) K-Q2 ch, K-Kt8; (3) P-B4! P-Kt6 (best); (4) B-Q7, K-B8; (5) B-R3, R-Kt8; (6) B-Kt4!, R-R8; (7) B-K2 ch, K-Kt8; (8) Kt-B3, K-B7; (9) Kt-K4 ch, K-Kt8; (10) Kt-Kt5, K-B7; (11) Kt-R3 mate.

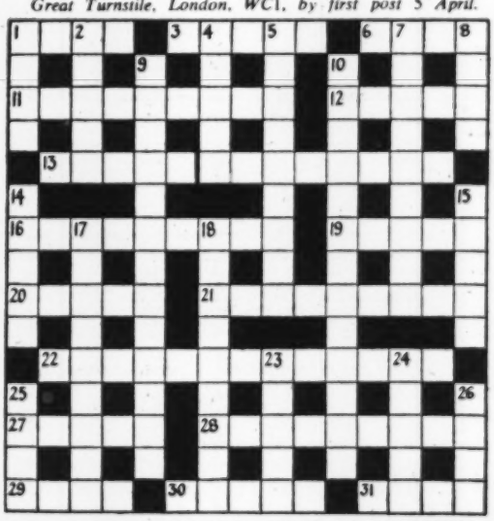
If (3) . . . PxP e.p.: (4) Kt-B3, K-B7; (5) Kt-K4 ch, K-Kt8; (6) K-B3 (B2)!, P-B7; (7) Kt-Kt5 and mates next move. But (3) P-B3?? merely draws after . . . P-Kt6; (4) B-Q7, K-B8; (5) B-R3, R-Kt8; (6) P-B4, P = B!! and draws; whereas after P = Q?? White wins by (7) B-K6!! (*Not* B-Kt4?? on account of . . Q-R4!!, nor B-B5?? on account of . . . Q-R2!!)

Many stumped and/or delighted by **C.** Prizes: E. Allan. K. Beaumont, J. W. Ecclson, J. M. Hollis, C. Sansom.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 398

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 398, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 5 April.



ACROSS

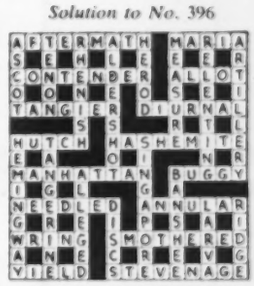
1. See 25.
3 & 6. The girl in the message is fit for a group (9).
6. See 3.
11. Puzzle making a fish queer without a woman (9).
12. The railwaymen half sent for the tender (5).
13. Interior with man and his wives somewhere in Scotland (5,8).
16. The space between me and the stone gives something to shout through (9).
19. Insecure but there is nothing inside to mislay (5).
20. 'All purity, all ——, all obeisance' (A.Y.L.I.) (5).
21. The duck caught the rats for the rulers (9).
22. As Oxford is of Cambridge (13).
27. The smell is finally grim (5).
28. Perhaps I care about obscurity in a truce (9).
29. See 8.
30 & 31. Brief game of cards as a means of office efficiency (9).
31. See 30.

DOWN

1 & 14. Tradesman replaces two test cricketers (9).
2. Authentic works but mainly of unknown authorship (5).
4. Blake's modest Dame (5).
5. Kinsman holds me up and always rises for a note (9).
7. Town which slices real bacon (9).
8 & 29. Time for a calm sea (8).
9. A tool misplaced among untidy printers and they spoil the text (13).
10. Not as hands go (13).
14. See 1 down.
15 & 26. Arrangement to help other countries potentially sell a need (9).
17. Broadcaster who has to get up and make love in the middle (9).
18. Healer needed when toes are broken on the ring road (9).
23. Send up the watch (5).
24. Cap is transferred as star (5).
25 & 1 across. Means of tying up advantage with liberal and successful service (8).
26. See 15.

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 396



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KEW Gardens. Sunny furn. rm for person (m) with musical interests. Box 3252.

N5. 2-rm lge furn. flat April-Oct. Reas. rent inc. h.w. Frig., elec. Box 3290.

RICHMOND – 4 elegant and immaculate s/contained flats, three with 1 bedroom, 1 reception, kitchen, bathroom, w.c. at 8, 9 and 10 guineas per week respectively. One with 2 bedrooms at £12 12s. per week. Richmond Accommodation Agcy. RIC 6342

HIGHGATE Wds. Lge rm bach. flatlet exc. frn, nr transp. 3 gns. inc. c.h.w., clng, el., use frig., b. MOU. 5196 aft. 6.

B/SIT., kit., bath., suit student. Any nationality. 50s. incl. BAT. 5875.

WE see every house, flat and room and select the best for responsible tenants. For full details of our comprehensive service contact Personal Accommodation Services Ltd, 28 Church Row, NW3. HAM. 0027 (10-7).

CONGENIAL, independent person, large redec. divan room. Free use kit., garden. Domestic service. Share overheads £3 5s. Hampstead. Central. Box 3371.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—contd

N6. Comf. furn. sunny bed-sit. room. Cooking facilities. 45s. MOU. 5605.

GRAD. (m.) sks another to share WC1 flat. 2 gns. No service. Box 3329.

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35 from 52s. 6d. to 90s., partial board. Applic. forms & information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave, NW3.

CONGENIAL atmosphere. 2 sgle rms, £3 & 50s. HAM. 8109 after 4 or wkends.

2 sgle newly dec. b/sits., h. & c., ckg facs. £3 & £3 10s. TUDor 0516 after 5.

RESEARCH students: flat nr BM offd for April. 2 girls. 6 gns. MUS. 8760.

NW3. Large double divan-room, own kitchen. All facils. 5 gns. HAM. 3352.

FIN. 1082 evgs/wkends. Furn. b/s., all elect., own meter, c.h.w. Mod. rent.

FOUR-berth Caravan, private site Sussex Downs nr sea. Vacs. April, May, June, July, Sept. 6 gns. weekly. Rankin, 43 West Park, SE9. ELTham 1761.

MERIONETH: Mountain bungalow, sleep 4, 5 gns per week. Available 31y/Aug. (6 gns) etc. Miss Hartstone, 3 Enville Road, Bowden, Cheshire.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

UNIV. lecturer, wife and 2 small boys (2½ & 1½) req. fully furn. cottage/house mid-Aug. to mid-Sept. Location not important, isolation preferred. Reas. rent essential. Please airmail: Dr J. B. Lawson, University College, Ibadan, Nigeria.

WTD: from end April s/c. furn. flat for 2/3 girls sharing. Central/nr. Box 3307.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED—contd

RESPONSIBLE West African barrister, wife and daughter seek inexpensive flat, £3, with no restrictions, near school, direct trains West End. Box 3187.

WANTED by University teacher for one month during school holidays: large house near coast. Box 3165.

PROPERTIES TO LET

COUNTY Wexford, near Wicklow. Beauty spots. (1) Furn. all electric bungalow. Two bedrooms, bathroom, sitting-room. Rough shooting, sea one mile. Free now. £3 weekly. (2) Partly furn. cottage. Electricity. Sleep three. £1 weekly. Same estate. M. Kelly, Tara House, Inch, Cty Wexford.

PROPERTY WANTED

COUNTRY cott. within 60 miles C. Lon. Min. 4 mths. £4 p.w. max. Box 3264.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

DULWICH College Leasehold. Excellent semi. Hall/cloaks/toilet. Lounge with built-on sun room, dining-room, nice kitchen with pantry, breakfast room. Garden. 4 bedrooms one with washbasin. Bathroom with immersion heater. Newly decorated. No expense been spared. Must sell, taking post in Oxford. Bargain for quick sale £4,500. Cost much more. FORest Hill 4224 or come and view 432 Lordship Lane, Dulwich, SE22.

MAIDA Vale: large house, 5 floors, £1,100, for 6-yr lease, at £100 p.a. ground rent. It incl. 3 flats: 2 occupied (unfurn.), 1 vacant with furniture (4 rms, kit., bath). 1 min. tube, buses. Box 3091.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"WHICH?" reports on the goods you may want to buy. The reports are based on independent, scientific tests, and are objective and impartial. "Which?" is published monthly by the Consumers' Association. Annual subscription only £1 to Dept 6, 333 High Holborn, London, WC1.

GERMAN books bought & sold: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

8 bound volumes of 'The London Mercury' for the years 1920 to 1923 for sale. What offers? Box 3251.

ONLY The Best for Bibliophiles. The Army and Navy Stores' Library Service provides the latest books reviewed and advertised in these columns promptly and at reasonable charges. Free prospectus from Army & Navy Stores, Westminster, SW1.

S/H. books, records, posted. List sent. Silverdale, 1142/6 Argyle St, Glasgow.

PERSONAL attention to overseas orders all types of books. Poole-Bickford, 22 Buckingham St, Strand, London, WC2.

SOCIALISM, econs, politics, USSR; we buy books, pamps, jrnls; any lang. Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV. 6807.

WHICH MP? – has 50 directorships? – quit the CP in 1944? – was arrested for favouring nationalisation of the Bank of England? "Which MP?" – Outline Parliamentary Profiles by Andrew Roth. In six volumes, each 7s. 6d. (plus 6d. post) £2 10s. for all six (post-paid) to: Parliamentary Profile Services Ltd, 34 Somali Road, London, NW2, also: the 1960 Edition of 'The Business Background of MP's' at 10s. (plus 9d. postage).

WANTED: 'The Economic Lessons of the 1930's', Arndt. Box 3260

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
Cost 6s. per line (average six words) minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post can normally be inserted same week. N.S., Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Telephone HOLborn 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR EDUCATIONAL RESEARCH IN ENGLAND AND WALES

Applications are invited for the following posts:

1. ASSISTANT RESEARCH OFFICER (INFORMATION) to assist in the development and operation of the Foundation's Information Service. Candidates should be either graduates or chartered librarians. The duties can to some extent be arranged to fit the qualifications of the person appointed. In general, qualifications and interests should be in some of the following fields: Education, Psychology, Foreign Languages, Editorial Work and Librarianship.

2. ASSISTANT RESEARCH OFFICER to help mainly with technical education projects in secondary schools and Technical Colleges. Candidates should be of graduate status preferably with some teaching experience. It is most important to have either a qualification in psychology or some related social science or a good knowledge of technical education.

Salary for both posts £750 × £50 to £900 with placement according to qualifications and experience. Initially a two year contract is offered.

Particulars and application forms from the Director, NFER, 79 Wimpole Street, W1.

ADVERTISING MANAGER

GRAMOPHONE record company with important international branches requires advertising manager. The successful applicant will be responsible for the co-ordination of advertising activities throughout the world.

Applicants for this position should be of a high standard and should have: (a) a thorough theoretical and practical knowledge of advertising, marketing, sales promotion, and merchandising; (b) an all-round general education; and (c) a wide range of artistic, musical, and cultural interests.

The appointment involves the maintaining of close and productive relations with independent, experienced, and specialised advertising managers in many countries, including the major Western European countries. Therefore a sound handling of the English, French, and German languages would be an asset. Applicants should be able to make use of their knowledge and experience in a diplomatic way.

Applications are invited from people who already possess extensive experience, preferably in an international sphere, and who are willing to work in The Netherlands.

Please write, giving full personal details and enclosing a passport photograph, to Nr. R.O. 1447, Adv. Agency De la Mar, Amsterdam, Holland.

PRISON WELFARE SERVICE

Several new appointments of trained and qualified social workers will shortly be made at provincial prisons. Salary as for Probation Service. Enquiries are invited by General Secretary, NADPAS, 66 Eccleston Square, London, SW1. VICtoria 9717/9.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ASSET

desires to appoint, from persons with either supervisory or technical and trade union experience, TWO full-time officials, one based on LIVERPOOL and one based on NEWCASTLE. Salary £821 10s. p.a. rising by two annual increments to £921 10s. plus expense allowance. Application forms from:

The General Secretary,
Association of Supervisory Staffs Executives and Technicians,
'Sutton House',
2-4 Homerton High St, London, E9.

BBC requires Production Assistant, Television, in Glasgow. Production Assistants contribute ideas on the treatment and production of programmes, assisting producers in programme administration, budgeting, casting and rehearsal, and in selection and direction of film sequences. They conduct liaison with servicing departments and frequently act as producers' representatives on location and are in charge of studio floor during rehearsal and transmission. This demands a positive interest and developed visual imagination and ability to translate programme ideas into practical television. Will also be required to help with presentation and trailing duties. Some experience of production work in Television, theatre or films an advantage. Knowledge of Scotland desirable. Salary £1,230 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.150 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Education Officer, in the South Eastern Division, based in London. Honours degree and wide educational experience desirable. This should include experience of teaching in school and thorough knowledge of the educational system. Duties include visiting schools and holding meetings and discussion with teachers and educational bodies. Salary £1,230 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 max. p.a. Requests for application forms and for further particulars of the post (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.149 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Assistant, Music Division, Sound Broadcasting. Duties will include general assistance to, and deputising for, Chief Assistant (Music Programme Organisation) in field of editorial supervision and control of administrative machinery for output of Music Programmes Department (Sound) and for co-ordinating this output with music output of the Regions. Applicants should have professional musical training and wide knowledge of the repertory of music. Salary £1,230 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.144.N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

THE University of Manchester Extra-Mural Department. Applications are invited for the post of Staff Tutor for North-Western Derbyshire with the salary and status of either Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in the University. Applicants should hold a good Honours degree in one of the following subjects: History, Geography, Social Studies, Philosophy, Politics. Salary scales per annum: Lecturer, £900 to £1,650; Assistant Lecturer, £700 to £850. Membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Initial salary and status according to qualifications and experience. Applications should be sent not later than 2 April 1960 to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

THE Family Welfare Association urgently needs Family Caseworkers. Opportunity to work in an atmosphere of freedom and to explore new methods and techniques for social diagnosis and treatment. Professional qualification and experience essential. Salary scale £550-£825 which with extra duties allowance rises to £875. Senior Caseworkers in charge of Area Offices also required: salary scale £900-£1,000. Appointment on salary scale according to experience. Good holidays and Superannuation Scheme. Application in writing to: Organising Secretary, FWA, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, SW1.

WARDEN reqd immediately for well appointed hostel in Home Counties. Administered by YWCA for London Transport Executive. 26 Irish 'Chippies'. Domesticated, tactful person needed. Attractive bedsitting room, bath, own office. Good supporting staff. Salary from £350 per annum. 6 weeks holiday. Apply YWCA National Office, 108 Baker St, London, W1.

VICTORIA Boys' & Girls' Clubs, Egerton Rd., N16. Experienced part-time Boys' & Girls' Club Leaders required (Jewish) 3 evenings per week. Written applications to the Warden stating full particulars of age and experience etc.

MATRON required Co-Ed. School. Experienced, understanding, interested in working independently. Box 3063.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

APPLICATIONS are invited from women who are interested in the problems of training young mentally subnormal women for industry and providing a sheltered environment for those unsuited to life in the community. Salary scale for suitably qualified persons £565 × £20 (3) × £25 (3)-£700 plus appropriate London weighting. If you think you have the necessary qualities apply in writing to the Secretary, Fountain Hospital, Tooting Grove, London, SW17, giving details of age, qualifications, experience and the names and addresses of two referees connected with your work.

HOUSEMOTHER wanted at end of April to care for a group of six younger boys in a small school for maladjusted boys, aged 9-16. Tolerance and a genuine love and understanding of disturbed children essential. Salary £300 a year plus full residential emoluments. Apply The Principal, Tylehurst School, Forest Row, Sussex.

SUSSEX. St Leonard's on Sea. Young, qualified, resident teacher required for post with scope for imaginative individual work with adolescent girls suffering from asthma or other psychosomatic symptoms. Applicants should be able to teach general subjects and preferably have an interest in games and remedial physical education. The school, administered by the Invalid Children's Aid Association, is recognised by the Ministry of Education for 30 girls aged 9 to 16. Salary according to the Burnham Scale for Special Schools; superannuation. Residential emoluments in return for extraneous duties. Applications to the General Secretary, ICAA, 4 Palace Gate, London, W8.

AN EXECUTIVE Director required for Women's Club & Transit Hostel, central Manchester. With administrative experience and knowledge of social work. Good supporting staff. Resident or non-resident. Salary from £525 per annum. 6 weeks holiday. Apply YWCA National Offices, 108 Baker St, London, W1.

MADRID or Valencia. Mangold Institutions Spain's largest language centre (4,000 students) requires, commencing Sept./Oct. Teachers of English: minimum age 25, teaching exp., knowledge of Spanish essent. If married, wife must teach part-time. Apply Mangold Institute, Madrid.

PART-time Organising Secretary required for YWCA Wales. Suitable post for older woman with administrative experience. Office in Cardiff. Interesting work for some one with experience of Voluntary Organisations. Apply National General Secy, YWCA, 108 Baker St, London, W1.

EDITORIAL secretary/assistant for Deputy Editor weekly educational journal. Good shorthand/typing speeds, secretarial training or experience, graduate or equivalent background essential. No previous editorial experience required, but some feeling for language and ability to write clearly and concisely are needed in this post. Thorough training all branches editorial work for keen candidate. Salary on scale £650-£725. No age limits, but post would suit young graduate seeking entry to this type of work. Write Box 3331.

A COMPANY carrying out a service trade to instrument makers requires a Commercial Manager. This is a new appointment: the candidate will have to organise a new department to control all aspects of contact with customers including the training of technical representatives; he must also be capable of conducting intricate negotiations with diplomacy. Box 3310.

INTERESTING post available for young lady or gentleman in connection with a well-known literary monthly and book trade quarterly. Typing essential, shorthand optional. No previous experience necessary; willing to train keen and intelligent young applicant. Apply Box 3270.

TEACHERS of English to Foreigners, male graduates with experience preferred, full- and part-time, required immediately. Apply Box 3344.

APPEALS Organiser required immediately by National Children's Charity. Applicants must have integrity, initiative and proved creative ability. Salary according to experience. Applications with testimonials and references to General Secretary, NSMHC, 162a Strand, WC2.

A JOB in the sun: small pay but great fun. Travel agent operating on Costa Brava needs three willing helpers, June-Sept. inclusive. Knowledge Spanish essential. Write: SHA, c/o Charles Sell Advertising Ltd, 67 Clerkenwell Rd, London, EC1.

EXP. teacher int. in mod. technique teaching Germ./French/Engl. (Crafts, movement, drama or P.E. an asset). Box 3064.

CLERICAL Assistant (lady) required for membership records, mailing, filing and relief switchboard. Hours 9.30 to 5.30 Mondays to Fridays, and one Saturday morning in three. Good holidays. Age 30-45. Salary about £435 p.a. Write or telephone to Assistant Secretary, The Architectural Association, 36 Bedford Square, WC1. MUS. 0974.

EXPERIENCED or qualified lady to run small Nursery School in Putney. Mornings only. Box 3354.

INTELLIGENT Shorthand Secretary reqd for West End Accountants' office dealing mainly with Theatrical and Film personalities. No Sats. Sal. £10-£12 according to experience and abilities. Write Box 3341.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ASSISTANT required for Collet's Bookshop, Charing Cross Rd. Knowledge of new & /or 2nd-hand books on politics, philosophy, history, an advantage. Wages acc. TU scale; non-contributory insurance & superannuation fund. Apply writing only, Collett's, 44/45 Museum St, Ldn, WC1.

ASSISTANT Supervisor required in the televoice typists department at The Maida Vale Hospital. Salary in accordance with the Whitley Council Scale, at age 21 £498 p.a. rising to £690 p.a. Apply in writing to The House Governor, The Maida Vale Hospital, Maida Vale, W9.

EXPERIENCED shorthand-typist for Organising Secretary of Liberal Jewish Synagogue: interesting work, congenial conditions; 5-day week. Apply: 28 St John's Wood Road, NW8. (CUN. 5181).

SHORTHAND Typist – Interesting vacancy at Easter for first-class, well-educated s/t., working to Prof. Misha Black, head of Design Research Unit. Salary according to age and experience. Apply in writing to Mrs Wallington, 37 Duke St, London, W1.

FULL/Part-time Secretary required by West End School. Must be capable and efficient, good general education and French shorthand an advantage. Box 3271.

ENERGETIC, cultured person wanted for Pictorial Research (Images, diagrams, photos) for exciting, non-fiction children's books. Not deskbound. Box 3375.

THE Smarter Job for the Smarter Girl. Contact Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

SECRETARY required. Able to work on own initiative and organise secretarial service in busy architect's office. Shorthand-typist, book-keeper and all round office practice. Telephone HYDe Park 5657.

INDIAN young ladies required as Handicraft Sales Assistants. Must have good appearance and speak fluent English. Write Box 3227.

EINSTEIN'S 'special' theory deals with relative velocity, but tea and a chat with Winifred Johnson means in 'general' a good job. Winifred Johnson (Bureau), 114 Holborn, EC1 (next Gamages). HOL. 0390.

VACANCY typist/general office work. 5-day week, part-time considered. Union of Democratic Control, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W8. (WES. 7770).

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

FRENCH retd officer (51), good Univ. educ., expd, sks post as French teacher or tutor near London. Box 3124.

BARRISTER, 32, educated Cambridge & London Universities, fully conversant commercial, company, industrial law, Socialist nonetheless. Sound administrator. Sks post in commerce/industry. Box 3315.

YOUNG lady ATD requires London post May. Art school and teaching experience. Some typing. Box 2972.

SINGLE man, widely travelled, with unusual qualities for and experience in personnel and social service. (All age groups.) Some secretarial training. Details Box 3205.

SCHOLARSHIPS

BYAM Shaw School of Drawing and Painting – The Annual competition for five Open Entrance Scholarships will be held at the end of April. These are available for men or women who wish to train as professional artists; all awards are tenable for four years. Write for details to: Secretary, Byam Shaw School, Campden St, London, W8, before the end of March.

SCHOOL

WENNINGTON School, Wetherby, Yorkshire. Independent boarding school, boys and girls, to university entrance, recog. by Ministry. Well-staffed for both Science and Arts. Unusual facilities for Music, Pottery, Wood and Metal work. Scholarship available for September 1960, max. value £150, for boy or girl of high ability and personal quality, about eleven. Headmaster, Kenneth C. Barnes.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

APOLLO Agency for typewriting, duplicating and all secretarial services. 18 Hanover St, W1. MAYfair 5091.

JAY Cory for all typing, duplicating, Bills/Quantity. Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard St, SW1. ABBey 2354/5817.

DUPLICATING, sh/typg. Mabel Eyles, 10 Beaconsfield Rd, N11. ENT. 3324.

MRS Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Rd. TEM. 5588.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St, W8. WES. 5809.

STENORETTE Tapes transcribed. Technical, commercial or literary. Box 3123.

FOOD AND DRINK

CONNOISSEUR requires moated castle with drawbridge to house priceless collection of El Cid Amontillado Sherry. Must be proof against rapacious onslaughts of marauding friends.

LECTURE CRSES, &c contd from p.468

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secy, Davies's, 158 Holland Park Ave, W11. PARK 4654.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

FRENCH Correspondence Courses: (1) Complete French Course (2) Basic French for Conversation (3) Translation Courses. Send for prospectus, Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Road, London, WC2.

RUSSIAN. Beginners' 18-Lesson Postal Course with individual tutorial help, £3. Write Dept VH7, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

RUSSIAN Lessons have started at St Antony's Schl of English. Small grps. 2s. 6d. p. hr. 4 Elvaston Pl, SW7. KEN 0889

ENGLISH taught to foreigners by professional instructor (+ Cambridge degree). Lessons 1½ hrs at 10s. for one person, 7s. 6d. each for 2, 5s. each for 3, etc. Attention to individual difficulties." WIL. 3702.

RUSSIAN lessons. Experienced teacher. Perfect Russian. Tel. FRE. 4003.

CHINESE Correspondence College: Mandarin, Cantonese, Japanese. Crses to BA level. Recorded tapes. Translation serv. Evng classes. 13 Park Ave. Nth, London, N8

HOLIDAYS. Prepare for them with French, German, Italian, Spanish classes. Small groups. Lunch-time & evening classes. The Travellers' School of Languages, 35 Endell St, WC2. TEM. 2202.

GCE Courses in English Literature, Languages, Economics, etc. Also English for Foreigners. Part- or full-time. Day/Evg. Reduced fees for long crses. St Giles' School, 63 Oxford St, W1. GER. 1460.

EASTER & SUMMER SCHOOLS

'SOCIALISM and Industry', Fabian Easter School with Tom Driberg, Robert Neild, Reg Prentice, Michael Shanks, Peter Shore, Dorking, 14-18 April. Details: 11 Dartmouth St, SW1. WHI. 3077.

SEVEN-Day Courses in Dramatic Art, April, July, August. One eve. course. Leatherhead Repertory Theatre, Surrey, and Studio Theatre, Kensington, Director: Marian Naylor. £9 9s. and £6 6s. Syllabus from Registrar: Miss O. Symonds, 111 Elmstead Avenue, Wembley Park, Middx.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 9 May to 16 Sept., 1960. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

PERSONAL

ROME ex London car 4 Apr., 3rd share £8. MAI. 9086 after 28 March.

SUMMER. Family (flat, gdn, Cen. Ldn Sq.) wd exch. home 2/3 wks with friendly family sea or Cont. Box 3201.

FREE car trip Easter offd licence-holder (f) by L-driver (f). PRI. 4867.

PLEASE help educ. bus. woman find town flat (W/SW), with/without contents. Mod. rent. Ross, MET 8451 (day). Box 3265

INDIAN part-time student sks p.g. accom. English family in area easily accessible to Westminster. Limited means. Box 3255.

ST IVES, Cornwall. Accom. offered in artist's beautiful old house overlooking harbour. Lge secluded garden. Box 3059.

ROSAS, Costa Brava. Attract. s/c. flat, sleep 4. To let by month. Box 3090.

FRANCE. Farmhouse to let. Real country, central France. Holidays, peace and solitude. Cheap. Ideal for writer, painter. Cheaper return little work. Box 3263.

STUD., m. 22, sks comp. (m.) to hitch Venice, Split, Athens. July/Oct. Box 3300

AMATEUR photographer parties to Lake Geneva! (beginners welcome). Luxury hotel. 12 days London back to London £29 19s. 6d. inclusive. Please write, stating dates preferred, to Box 3357.

MAJORCA: private house party, fortnightly from 2 July. 43 gns including day flight. Box 3066.

ANTIBES, nr Harbour. Double bed-sitting rm, kitchen-dining rm, shower, w.c. Schierano, 12 Av. Mirabeau, Antibes, AM.

SPANISH/French conv./gram., exper. lady teacher, own flat WC1. Box 3207.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. Regent Institute (Dept E/191), Palace Gate, London, W8.

CONVERSATION Piece! For those of you interested in discussing a variety of subjects with a variety of people, we are organising a holiday in Switzerland for 12 days at a luxury hotel at £29 19s. 6d. inclusive. Purpose? to bring a group of lively minds together in a relaxing atmosphere. Please write, stating dates, to Box 3151.

YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in 3 months. Details: Setogni, WEL. 6655.

CONTINENT. Attract. posts for girls avail. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7

WRITERS needed for TV. Television Writing School provides the most professional course of training. Apply Dept 172, 14 Sackville St, W1.

PERSONAL—continued

YAS Mina Orphanage, near Tunis. 100 Algerian Refugee Orphans sheltered. Ages 8-13. They have been eating earth to allay hunger pains. We need help. It costs £2,500 a year to run home. Your gift, large or small, will be welcomed by Treasurer, Rt Hon Hilary Marquand, DSC, MP, War on Want, 9 Madeley Rd, Ealing, W5.

LOOKING for something unusual and useful? You will find it at the British Peace Committee's Spring Fair and Bazaar, Mahatma Gandhi Hall, Fitzroy Square, W1. Friday, 1 April, 7 to 10.30 p.m. Saturday, 2 April, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

ARE you impatient when old traditions delay the application of modern knowledge to human problems? You will meet kindred spirits in the Progressive League (N2), 20 Buckingham Street, London, WC2.

PARENTS prefer our personal interest and guidance. Young people please call Stella Fisher Bureau in the Strand.

FROM Dante to T. S. Eliot' & 'Easter Festival of the Arts'. 14-19 Apr. at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Send also for summer list.

THE Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, Niddry Lodge, Holland St, W8 (WES. 0989), & 20 Grosvenor Pl., SW1 (SLO. 9595), for conversn & tuition.

APPOINTMENTS are necessary, but can be arranged with minimum fuss and maximum speed by telephoning MAI. 3200. Anthony Panting, photographer, 30 Abbey Gardens, NW8.

INCOME tax matters (except paying) attended to, annual accounts prepared, financial investigations undertaken. Normal professional fees. L. W. Jones, 15 Nassington Rd, NW3. HAM. 6666.

DO you wear spectacles? Tired and strained eyes can be treated by Dr W. H. Bates' method of relaxation at a London Clinic. LANgham 3626 for parties.

WHAT'S wrong with the ABC? ask Phon. Alph. Assn, 86 Dalmain Rd, SE23.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept, C20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science Ltd, Chronicle House, Fleet St, EC4. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving details and fees for our Courses & Criticisms, and success letters from students.

FOREIGN Languages on Records. Visaphone 9 LP records, 2 books, French or German £8 8s. Interpret holiday crses; 3 LP records, 2 books, French, Spanish, Italian or German £3 10s. Free trial, post free. No dep. Barmerlea Book Sales Ltd., (Dept Visaphone NS), 10 Bayley St, WC1.

CHOOSE your hobby from Music, Art, English or Writing. Please state subject in which interested. Brochure Free. Southern Correspondence College, Albion Road, Selsey, Sussex.

FOREIGN girls, domest./willing avail. (1) 'au pair' (2) req. free board & lodg. in exch. 4 hrs help. (3) also paying sm. contrib. f. bd & lodg. and offer 2 hrs help. Eductour 10 Exhibition Rd SW7 KEN 8806

WRITE To Sell – once you Know-How! No Sales – No Fees training shows you how to write what editors buy. Profit also from a free subscription to 'The Writer'. Send for interesting Free N1 'Know-How Guide to Writing Success' (45th Edition). BA School of Successful Writing Ltd, 124 New Bond Street, London, W1.

GUITAR Lessons. Classical. Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Road, SW10. FLA. 4354.

HUMANISM – a modern outlook. There may be a group near you. Write Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Ter, W8.

I WRITE speeches, sales letters, books, brochures, technical articles. Box 2353.

LYRICS & sketches reqd. Scripts and s.a.e.: Irving Th., Leicester Sq. WC2.

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

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HOLIDAY TRAVEL—continued

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28 March at 7.30 Le Lac des Cygnes
1 April at 7.30 Les Rendezvous, La Fille Mal Gardée
2 April at 2.15 Danses Concertantes, Giselle
2 April at 7.30 Ondine

THE COVENT GARDEN OPERA

29 March at 7.30 Cavalleria Rusticana and Pagliacci
30 March at 7.30 Carmen
31 March at 7.30 Macbeth (new production)

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
TER. 1672

OPERA SEASON
Evenings 7.30

25, 29, 30 March & 1 April — The Merry Widow
26 March — Fidelio
31 March — The Marriage of Figaro
2 April — Tosca

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Last perfs 5.0 & 8.0. 'Change for the Angel'. Mems.

IN-STAGE: 'Under The Influence'. A Variety in the styles of Beckett & Ionesco. 'Exhilarating display', Times. Fridays at 8 p.m. Admission free. 9 Fitzroy Sq., W1.

IRVING. Leic. Sq. WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls. 4-yr Cont. Revue from 2.30, Sun. 4. 10th week 13th ed. Mems.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. Lst pfs. Tnt. 5 & 8.15. 'The Dumb Waiter' and 'The Room' by Harold Pinter. Com. 30 Mar. 'The Naming of Murderer's Rock'.

TH. Royal, E15. MAR. 5973. Tnt. 5, 8. 'Never Had it So Good' by John Wiles.

TOWER, 7.30. Sun. 7.0, 24, 25, 26 Mar.: first London perf. of O'Casey's 'Purple Dust'. 1, 2, 3 (mems), 7, 8, 9 Apr.: Thomas Muschamp's 'Bridge of Sighs' – 1959 C. H. Foyle prizewinner. Book now: CAN. 3475 (9-6) & CAN. 5111 (6-8.30). Canonbury, N1.

UNITY: EUS. 5391. Sholem Aleichem's 'The Big Win'. First English. Fri., Sat., Sun. 7.45. Mems.

VANBRUGH Theatre, Malet Street, WC1. 'Palace of Strangers', a new play by Joan Sadler. 1 April. 'Rasputin', a new play by William Gerhardi, preceded by 'The Bear' by Anton Tchekov. 2 April. 2.30 p.m. and 7.30 p.m. both days.

CONCERTS

BARNES Parish Church, SW13. Sundays at 8.45 p.m. 1600-1780 Music centred on Harpsichord. Series details from Secy.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns) The Immortal Land (U) and Greek Sculpture (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. 12 Films by Ingmar Bergman. Until 27 Mar.: 'A Lesson in Love' (X). From 28 Mar.: 'Journey into Autumn' (X).

GEFFRYE Museum, E2. Art Films Sunday 2.30 and 3.45 p.m. 27 March: Ein Hod (Israel); Islam; Alexander Calder; Begone Dull Care (Abstraction in Colour).

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons Group, Today Sat. 26 March, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s., their guests 5s.

EXHIBITIONS

WILSON Steer Centenary, Ganymed Facsimile 'Misty Morning', £3. Details full Ganymed range: 11 Gt Turnstile, WC1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. West Coast Hard-Edge: 4 abstract classicists from Los Angeles. Until 23 April. Closed from 15-18 Apr. Dly 10-6, Sats 10-1. 1s. Members free.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Drawings and Watercolours of the XIX and XX Centuries. Until 16 April. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1. 142 New Bond Street, W1.

EPSTEIN Collection of primitive and exotic sculpture. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Sq., SW1. Till 23 April. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s. 6d.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St, W1. Francis Bacon – Recent Paintings. 25 March-22 April. Daily 10-5. Sats 10-12.

HYDE Park Gallery. Modern paintings at sensible prices. 30 Sussex Pl., W2.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. First London Exhibition of Twelve Greek Artists 1960. Hours 10-6, Sats 10-1. Exhibition closes 22 April.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. Leonard Wyatt, Gwyneth Johnstone, Mela Spira – Pntgs. 21 March-9 April. Wkdys 10-6, Sats 10-1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Ida Kar: Portraits of artists in England, France and Soviet Russia; and other photographs. Wee days 11-6, Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admn free. Adjoins Aldgate East Stn.

PAINTINGS, modern original works 5 to 50 gns. Charrosin Gallery, 35 Thayer St, W1. Wkdys 10-5, Sats. 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine, and other exhibitions Mon-Fri., 10-5. Free.

KAPLAN Gallery International Choice: Twentieth Century Paintings and Sculpture, 6 Duke Street, St James's.

THE Chinese Picture Room, 13 New Quebec St, W1. PAD. 4643 (behind Marble Arch Corner House). New and old paintings from China, reproductions, antique pottery, etc. 10-7, ex Thurs., Sun.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography. 15-9 Fs. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

W[illegible] Galleries. Drawings, [illegible]s: Jankel Adler 10-6, Sats 10-[illegible] k Street, W1.

QENWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway [illegible]d, N6. MOU. 4917. Opening Exhib. 2 Sclptrs & 2 Pntrs. Laurence Josephs, Paul Hamann, Alfred Harris & Henry Sanders. Dly incl. Sats 10-5.30. Thurs. 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Sickert. (Weekdays 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1).

AMERICAN Ceramic Exhibit. USIS Gallery, 41 Grosvenor Sq., W1. Daily 9 a.m.-6 p.m. Sat. 1-4.30 p.m.

EXHIBITION of ten original etchings by Käthe Kollwitz (1867-1945) at Collet's Hampstead Bookshop, 193 Haverstock Hill, NW3. Monday, 28 March, Saturday, 2 April, 9.30 a.m. to 5.30 p.m.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Alberto Burri: First London Exhibition. Opens Tuesday, 29 March. Until 29 April. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

LONDON NER CLUB
Mahatma Gandhi Hall, Fitzroy Square
(Warren Street tube)
Mon., 28 March, 7.30 for 8 p.m.
DENNIS POTTER
(author of 'The Glittering Coffin')
A Sense of Community
Members: 1s.; Non-members: 2s. 6d.

EDUCATION and the Scientific Revolution. Professor J. D. Bernal, Monday 28 Mar., 7 p.m. Friends' House, Euston Rd.

SOUTH Africa – Poster Parade. Assemble 2.45 p.m. Marble Arch, Sun., 27 Mar. Organised by S.A. Boycott Movement.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

'CRIME and Society' WEA School, Saturday, 2 April, 2.30 p.m. Friends Meeting House, Leicester Rd, New Barnet. Chairman: Mr A. Clarke, Senior Probation Officer, 2.30 p.m. Miss W. A. Elkin, author of 'The English Penal System' 4.30 p.m. Mr Frank Foster, Director, Central After-Care Assn. Adm. 3s. 6d. incl. refreshments.

POLICE Killings in South Africa. Christian Action Meeting. Central Hall, SW1. Mon., 28 March, 7.30 p.m. See page 451.

TOTAL Disarmament. Let it Begin with Us. Public Meeting. Central Hall, Westminster, Thursday, 31 March, 8 p.m. Buffet and Bookstall from 6.30 p.m. Speakers: Victor Gollancz, Stuart Morris, Donald Soper, Michael Tippett, Sybil Thorndike. Chairman: Sybil Morrison. Admission free. Some reserved seats at 2s. 6d. from The Organiser, Peace Pledge Union, 6 Endsleigh St, London, WC1. EUS. 5501.

PROGRESSIVE League. Man-Woman Relationship Group, Sun. 27 March, 7.15 p.m. at 14 Windmill St, W1 (downstairs). Fifth lecture in series: 'Developments and Difficulties in Present-day Man-Woman Relationships'. Speaker: Mrs Lena Jeger. All welcome. 2s. 6d. Monthly Diary free (s.a.e.) from H. E. Lobstein, 12 The Green, Jordans, Bucks.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. 'Jazz', Recital of Stereophonic *Jazz Records*. Presented by Kitty Grime and Vic Bellerby. Wednesday, 30 March, 8 p.m. Admission 2s. 6d. Members 1s. 6d. 'Communications'. John Christopher Jones: 'Science and Art Training'. Thursday, 31 March, 8.15 p.m. Admission 3s. Members 1s. 6d.

SALVATORE Quasimodo, Nobel Prize winner for Literature 1959, will give a reading of his poems in a programme arranged by Adam International Review, at ICA, 17 Dover St, W1, Fri., 25 March, 7.30 p.m. Admission 5s. & members 3s.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 25 March, 8 p.m., Elisavetta Fen: 'Chekhov the man'. Thurs. 7 April, 8 p.m. Serge Lifar: 'Pushkin, Sun of Russia'. (Russian, translation).

SCHOPENHAUER Society, Caxton Hall, 7.45 p.m., Thursday, 31 March. 'Faculties of the Mind'. Admission free.

ARCHITECTURAL Giants in the Americas', talk by John Grace, Tulane Univ., at USIS Library, 41 Grosvenor Sq, W1, 29 March at 6.30 p.m. Adm. free.

WEEKEND Conference on 'Nature Cure in Practice'. Margaret Brady, Mary Evans, Michael Fryer, Nina Hosali, Dr Margery Keay, Dr Alan Stoddard, C. Donald Wilson, Dr Frank Wokes. Film 'No Room for Wild Animals'. 22-24 April, Southlands College, Wimbledon. Details: Nature Cure Clinic (NS), 13 Oldbury Pl., W1. WEL. 2787.

HAMPSTEAD Humanist Society. Saturday, 2 April, 2.45. Dr Per-Axel Hildeman, 'Sweden', at 39 Priory Road, NW6.

PERSONALIST Group. Buberian Dialogue. A. A. Burall and J. B. Coates on 'The Basic Theses of Humanism', Conway Hall, Thurs., 31 March, 7.30 p.m.

'SOME Aspects of Jewish and Christian Art'. (1) The Problems of Jewish Art. Speaker: Dr Helen Rosenau (with lantern slide illustrations). Chairman: Prebendary Clarence May, MA. Thurs. 31 March, 7 p.m. King's Weigh House Church Hall, Binney St. (almost opp. Selfridges), Oxford St, W1. All welcome.

AN EVENING of Music. New Jewish Society, 83 Chiltern St, W1. Wed. 30 March, at 8 p.m.

SQUARE PLACE Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 27 Mar.: Richard Clements, OBE, 'George Gissing: A Neglected Man of Letters'. Write for Free 'Monthly Record'. Chamber Music Concert, 6.30 p.m.

CONWAY Discussions. S. Place Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Tues. 7.15 p.m. 29 Mar. Joseph Murumbi of Africa, and Vaddaken V. Alexander of Kerala, 'African Asian Aspirations'.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30, Sun. 27 Mar. 5 Caledonian Rd, King's X. Antony Bates: 'Art – The True Historian'.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. George Elvin on 'The Future of British Films and Television'. Wed., 30 March, 7.30 p.m. at Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d. Details of Society from Membership Secy, 42a Westbere Rd, NW2.

WHAT'S Wrong with the Labour Image?' Sidney Jacobson. Fabian Spring Lecture. 29 March, 7.15 p.m. Livingstone Hall (Near St James's Park stn). Adm. 2s. 6d.

NLR Literature & Politics Study Group. The Political Novel. Tressall: 'The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists', Yvonne Redman. 8 p.m., 31 March, Left Book Centre, 7 Carlisle St, W1.

MANCHESTER Left Club, Left Wing Coffee House, 1 April, 7.45, Harold Campbell: 'The Co-operative Movement'.

'THE Ethical View of Euthanasia'. Public Lecture. H. J. Blackham. 7 p.m., Thurs. 31 Mar. 13 Prince of Wales Terr., London, W8. (Euthanasia Society AGM).

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SHAW Society. Dr John Lewis on 'Bergson and the Life Force', at the National Book League, 7 Albemarle St, W1, 25 March, 7 p.m. Non-members 2s. 6d.

IWC Public Lecture. Free. Gunter Vincon, 'Medieval Art, Towns and Villages in South Germany' (illus.). 8.30 p.m. Fri., 1 April. 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

'THREE Lines of Evolution'. Public Lecture, 27 March, 8 p.m. Free bt S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public lecture, Wed. 30 March, 6.30: 'Mind'. Miss M. Winder. Also Saturday Group (reading, discussion, tea), 2 Apr., 3 p.m. Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way'. Information TAT. 1313.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Av., Muswell Hill, N10: Vedanta Lectures. Write for details.

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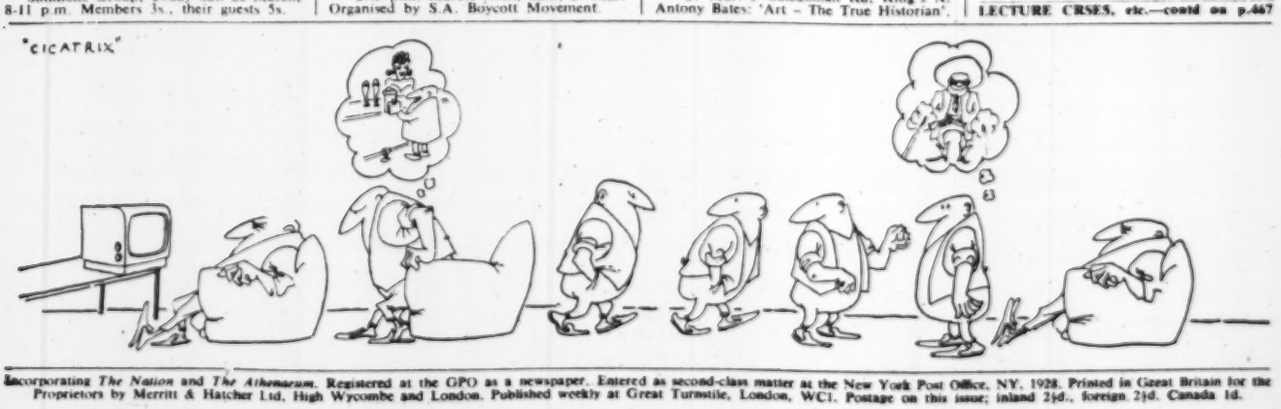
LECTURE CRSES, etc.—contd on p.467



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